THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1873 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1873.

Vol. LIII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1873. TERMS {$3.00 a Year in Advance. Single Number, 6 Cents.} No. 2.

COMFORTED.

BY MIRIAM EARL.

The day had been so hot and wearisome,
So full of petty trials, lily borne,
A garment set with stitches manifold,
On which my busy hands had wrought since morn,
Was all awry and tokened yet more toil
Before it could be worn.

Then callers came I did not care to see,
And told me spiteful things my neighbors said,
And Biddy beat the oven three times three,
And burned my lady-cake and spoiled my bread;
The evening post no kindly message brought,
But grievous news instead.

At length the glaring day strode down the hills,
And dipped his torches in the Western main;
The little ones away in restful dreams,
My tired heart took up the old refrain—
"The bliss in every life a mortal lives
Is far outweighed by pain."

The narrow house was stilling, stepping out
Into the midst of night's tranquility,
The pearly sky, green earth and prayerful flowers,
The wide, sweet stillness that encircled me,
Hushed all the strife, as Jesus' breath the waves
Of stormy Galilee.

And thus, methought, when stern, unyielding care
Too hardly presses 'gainst life's slender wall,
Souls do escape into a wider air,
And jarring chords catch tuneful voices all,
And peace enraptured folds us where soft dews
On Zion's lilies fall.

THE HEIR OF GLENDALE;

OR, THE

Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

"ROBERT MERIVALE, I ARREST YOU, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW, FOR THE MURDER OF JAMES OGDEN."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INVESTIGATION CONCLUDED.

"Who is this?" asked the detective in a low tone, turning to Louis.

"Miss Dubois, the ward of Mr. Ogden," he replied.

"And this Merivale is—"

"Her lover."

The eyes of the short man were fixed on the new-comer with an undeviating stare. He seemed to be lost in rustic admiration or wonder.

She yielded but a moment to the feeling of distress that had mastered her, then advanced proudly into the room.

"You will be sorry yet," she said, facing the housekeeper, "for so hasty and unwarranted a charge. Has Robert Merivale ever done you an injury, that you should seek to ruin him? You know, as well as I, how incapable he is of such a crime. These circumstances, that seem to bear against him, are but chance occurrences, and he has already explained how they came to pass."

"He has not explained the presence of the diamond. How came his breastpin in the hands of my poor murdered master? Can you satisfy me on that point?"

"I have no desire to satisfy you on any point," she answered, with dignity. "Mr. Merivale will have no difficulty in explaining this himself, to the proper persons. Till then we will let it rest."

"I would like to have your statement regarding this sad business," said the detective, addressing her.

"I shall be happy to give you all the information in my power," she replied, "though I fear that is too little to be of any service to you."

"We cannot tell. No one knows how valuable a single clue may prove in such a case. Have you had a physician to examine the wound?" he continued, addressing Louis.

"No, sir; will it be necessary?"

"Certainly. Send for the family doctor at once. Now, miss, I will be pleased to attend you to another room. There is no further occasion to remain here."

She preceded him from the room, leading the way to an apartment on the other side of the hall. His rustic companion remained in the room, as if too much fascinated by the scene of death to be willing to leave it.

By this time several personal friends of Mr. Ogden had entered the apartment. The doctor arrived a few moments afterward—having heard of the occurrence—and proceeded at once to the necessary examination.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wayland was listening intently to the young girl's story of her interview with her lover, and of what she knew of the succeeding circumstances.

She could not, however, plainly divulge the nature of this interview. She shrank from revealing the rarest feelings of her soul to the ears of this cold official. The effort at concealment was natural, yet it seemed to give him a wrong impression, and to throw a doubtful air of mystery on the early occurrences of the evening. Mr. Wayland was not quick at tracing the hidden marks of the tender passion, however alert he was on the track of the baser feelings.

His interview with her over, he called the other inmates of the house in consecutively, questioning them upon their separate knowledge of the affair, and taking down their answers in writing.

There was nothing elicited further than we already know. At the conclusion of this self-constituted court of inquiry he called to his rustic companion, who now stood in the hall, peering with the same rude thoughtlessness as before into the faces of all the persons around him.

"Here, my man. Just bring me that package in here, will you?"

The short man started on hearing himself addressed, and proceeded hastily to the room, without replying.

"There's your weighty old bundle," he said, shutting the door carefully behind him, and dropping the plaster cast heavily upon the table.

"And now, Tom," he continued, glancing round the room with habitual wariness, "what have you hit on?"

"Read those papers," said the detective, "and you will have it all."

"Nothing fresh here," said the other, after glancing his eye over them. "It is a hash of the same story. Have you disqualified yourself for jury service by forming an opinion?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"That this Merivale is our man."

"Positive? Are you sure that will hold water?"

"I don't know how you see it, Hiram—but it looks to me like a very strong case of circumstantial evidence."

A covert smile marked the face of the man addressed as Hiram.

"What became of the boat, then?" he asked. "And how do you account for the two sets of footsteps?"

"That is a point on the opposite side I allow. He may have had accomplices."

"People do not have accomplices in murders instigated by passion. Tom, you are yet but in your infancy. If you tell me this was deliberate, then all the story of the quarrel with Mr. Ogden falls out of the account. In short, there's nothing but the handkerchief and breastpin against him. The first would not, of itself, be enough to convict him. His story, with the corroborating evidence we have found, would clear him of that. The diamond is the one hard fact to get over."

"You can safely say that, Hiram. If there ever was a circumstance that was hard to manage, I look on this as the one. It may be said that he disposed of the jewel, or that it was stolen from him. But unless he can prove this to the satisfaction of a jury, it will go hard with him."

"A man's life often turns upon a thread, Tom. His may turn upon the two or three threads which are twisted round his breastpin."

"That is so. But I imagine that they will be found to have been torn from his own shirt."

"Your imagination is too busy, my lad. An officer has no business with imaginings. They often pervert truth in his mind. Get the facts in, all we can, that's our business. We can put this and that together, when we get them, and make what we can of them. But if we fancy this, and imagine that, what proof will they be when they are put together?"

"You don't agree with me then?"

"There are several points to clear up before I agree with anything. Did it strike you how snakes' heads are mixed up in this business? This cast we have here is very much like the snake's head in that breastpin."

"By Jove, you are right. And that is another point against the owner of the golden snake. We have next to hunt up the boat, and find out who owns a craft with such a figure-head."

"There you have hit it. A boat like that should be well known on the river. The worst is that we can hardly put the public to work without warning the owner, and the boat may disappear. It is but a part of our business to find who owns such a boat, we want to learn who used it last night."

"Have you asked any questions," he continued, "about the antecedents of the different people here?"

"No."

"Get hold of that servant then, and learn all you can about the past life of the housekeeper, the nephew, this Mr. Merivale, and Miss Dubois. I'll take another country walk round, and use my eyes—I have learned more with them already than you have with your tongue," he continued to himself.

The doctor pronounced the wound made by a very sharp, long-bladed, clasp knife, that had entered the heart and caused instant death. A careful search was now being made for this weapon, which might have been dropped somewhere in the grounds. Some barefooted boys waded into the water at the point where the boat had lain and thoroughly searched the bottom, but without success.

Hiram, in his apparently aimless wanderings, found himself very near Mr. Henry Ogden, who was leaning heavily upon the balustrade, lost in thought.

"I think I can guess who done that murder," he said, rather sharply, almost in the ear of the nephew.

The latter started violently at this remark, and looked round upon the speaker with a scared face.

"What do you mean, fellow?" he cried, angrily, on seeing who it was. "Who asked for your guesses? You have been meddling the last hour where you were not wanted. It is about time now for you to leave the house, which only your impudence ever brought you into."

"I hope I haven't hurt your feelings, in no way. I just thought we'd have a bit of talk, that was all," said Hiram, with infinite simplicity. "Don't you think now that this is a queer business, and that the law wants bad to get hold of somebody for sticking a knife into poor old Mr. Ogden, that I knowed well?"

A red flush of anger replaced the pallor that had come upon Henry Ogden's cheek. He was tempted to make a sharp reply, but restrained himself with the thought that this was no time to yield to anger.

"Take my advice, friend," he said, severely, "and learn to attend to your own business." He turned and walked disdainfully away.

Hiram traced him closely with his eyes for a few moments, then followed the throng into the death-room. Quite a number of Mr. Ogden's friends and neighbors were now present, and the bed on which the corpse had been laid was surrounded by an indignant and sympathizing mass of people. The discoveries so far made were now common property of the persons assembled, and the general feeling was that the diamond placed the weight of guilt clearly upon Robert Merivale.

"Anything new?" asked Hiram of his friend, when the two again met.

"Nothing of any account. The servant don't know much. Merivale has been coming here, off and on, for a year or two. The old man has been bitterly opposed to him, but he had the ear of the young lady."

"And what caused the old man's dislike?"

"The poverty of the lover, I judge. Louis knows nothing against Merivale's character."

"Who is this girl?"

"She is an orphan, the daughter of a former friend of Mr. Ogden. She was left, with some little money, in his charge. She has been treated more as a daughter than as a ward."

"And Mr. Henry Ogden?"

"The nearest relative of the old gentleman. But for the last year there has been some ill feeling between them."

"Did you learn the cause of this?"

"As far as I can make out the man has been dissipated, and has been keeping rather questionable company. The uncle but lately discovered this, and a coolness sprang up between them in consequence."

"Exactly. Then it is part of our business to keep an eye on this man, and look into these connections. But, Tom, this must be a dead secret between you and me. We have not a thread against Henry Ogden yet."

"How is this, Hiram?" asked Tom, in surprise. "You suspect him then? Have you good reason?"

"I have no proof. Reasons without proof are just so much running water; you can't fasten them anywhere. There are only two points for us to open up."

"And they are, first, the boat?"

"Yes; and, second, those threads on the breastpin. These are a trifling clue, Tom, but trifles may hang the guilty and save the innocent."

"If we can make anything of them, well and good. As the case stands now there seems to me to be a heavy array of proof against this Robert Merivale. Unless he can clear up that matter of the breastpin to the satisfaction of the courts, it will go hard with him."

"Or unless we can fix on some new line. I can't see my way clear yet."

"It seems to me our duty to arrest this man."

"It may be best. There is another gentleman whose mind I want to make easy. He is on his guard now. If he thinks himself safe, our chances are much better of getting on his track."

"We will arrest Merivale, then?"

"Hush! Is not that Miss Dubois slipping out through the bushes? There is something afoot there, Tom. Follow her, and see what she is after. I want to play country about the house a little longer."

Tom, with a quick but silent tread, followed the course of the young lady through the grounds. She moved quietly past the knots of people who were still gathered, conversing with unflagging interest over the murder.

Passing the last of these, she approached the extremity of the grounds at a point where a foot-path from the railroad-station led to a stile passing over the low wall. The whistle of a departing train sounded in the distance, seeming to signify that it was the approach of this train that had moved the young lady, a signal, perhaps, of the coming of her lover.

The detective stationed himself behind a clump of bushes that grew near, determined to overhear the expected interview. He had not long to wait. The sound of a male foot came briskly along the path, and in a moment more the eavesdropper heard a warm greeting between the two young lovers.

"You must not come to the house, Robert," she said, after a few moments passed in more personal conversation.

"Why not?" he asked.

"There is an officer there now examining into the circumstances of that dreadful tragedy. The unfortunate chance that seems to connect you with it has excited his suspicions. I have been frightened at the thought of your coming, for I am in dread that this man may arrest you."

"If there is any danger of that, Marie—and I am sorry to say that I share your fears—there will be nothing gained by my absence. They can arrest me in Philadelphia as easily as here."

"But they may not. I know the real murderer cannot escape. The police will be keen upon his track, and a day or two may bring up facts exonerating you from all suspicion. By absenting yourself for a few days you may escape all the disgrace of being arrested on such a dreadful charge."

"I fear not. Such a course would but add to the suspicions entertained against me, and might prove dangerous to me in the event of a trial. I have but one good reason for wishing to preserve my liberty for some time longer."

"What is that?"

"In order to seek the man whom I suspect of having stolen my diamond."

"You know that it was stolen then? You can prove that? I am sincerely glad to hear this. Prove that it was really stolen, and you will be cleared of all suspicion of the crime."

"I know that it was, but am not yet prepared to prove it, to the satisfaction of a jury. I even have good reason to know who was the thief, but unless I can fix the theft upon him, I can prove nothing."

"How was it, Robert? Tell me what you have learned."

"I found, on reaching home, that my cabinet had been broken open and the jewel taken. I also learned, after close inquiry, that an old street fiddler, of bad character, had been seen following me, and had been observed for several days about the neighborhood. That is all I know now. A suspicious character has been seen. The jewel is gone. I found out the man's name and general haunts, and it is my object now to search him out, and try if I cannot trace him throughout this mystery."

"Then you must avoid the police for a few days. Leave it to me to see that a detective is sent to inquire into this matter. You are not fitted to deal with such a character. That is the business of an experienced officer. Promise me that you will conceal yourself until this doubt has passed away. I am sure it will only be for a few days."

After some further solicitation on her part, he made her the promise desired. Their conversation continued for some time longer, when he started to return to the station, with the purpose of taking a train to the city that was now nearly due.

Marie, gladder at heart than she had been a few moments before, flitted back to the house, full of hope that she might be instrumental in unfolding the mystery of the loss of the jewel.

She little knew that an officer of the law was at that moment on the track of her lover. Nowhere in her imagination arose an image of the pallid face of the man who had just parted from her, when a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder, and a stern voice sounded in his ear:

"Robert Merivale, I arrest you, in the name of the law, for the murder of James Ogden."

CHAPTER IX.

ON A BLIND TRAIL.

The people at Glendale continued ignorant of the fact that this arrest had been made. It was not known to them until the next day, when the newspaper statements of the murder likewise detailed the fact of a person being in custody under suspicion of having committed the act. Several of the papers gave their version of the reasons for his arrest, and made out a far stronger case against him than the facts warranted, acting on the hasty principle that the accused must necessarily be guilty.

Even Hiram Long, the disguised detective, was unaware of the action of his associate, and did not discover it until he had returned to the city. He had assumed a disguise with the idea that there might be a disposition to conceal some important facts from the eyes of the known officer, that some member of the household might be connected with the murder, and that a person unsuspected of having an object might arrive at some of these concealed facts.

He had succeeded in gaining an opinion, but no fact as yet sufficient to warrant him in any action. He did not quite approve of the haste of his associate, and rather sharply inquired the reason of this arrest.

"It was simply because I learned that the man intended to place himself out of our reach," replied Mr. Wayland. "I overheard Miss Dubois advising him to this course, and his consenting. I did not know what his means of hiding might be, but I knew that the facts in hand justified his detention, and thought it best to keep him while we had him, rather than have after while to hunt him through all the hiding-places in the city."

"I know that things look a little dark against him," said Hiram. "But, for my part, I don't believe you have hit on the right man. There is one good thing in this arrest, it may throw the party that I suspect off his guard, and give me a chance to discover the missing links of evidence."

"I don't quite agree with you," said Wayland. "As facts now stand we have nothing against any one else, and a dozen suspicious points—some of them mighty suspicions—against this man."

"We can't build a city in a day, my boy," replied Hiram. "Nor unfold all mysteries in an hour. There are several bits of work before us in this case, and I am going to take hold of it with a will."

Mr. Long was a very different looking individual now from the short, stout, countrified person he had appeared at Glendale. His stoutness had departed. He was still short, but rather slim in figure, a full chest and wide shoulders alone remaining of his obesity. His face had quite changed its expression, and could not easily have been recognized as the round, red, staring countenance of the assumed rustic. Add to this a change of dress, and the transformation from country to city was complete.

Mrs. Thornton had read with the deepest distress of the arrest of her brother on so serious a charge. The uncalled-for newspaper comments on his presumed guilt added to her fears, and for several hours she was almost distracted. Only an interview with him in the prison, which she obtained at the earliest possible moment, allayed in any measure the strong emotion which had taken possession of her. He assumed a cheerfulness which he was far from feeling, and made light of the evidences against him, to an extent that somewhat relieved her sisterly anxiety; though it was no easy matter to divest herself of fear and distress at finding her brother in so perilous a situation. Could she have perceived his real state of mind, her dread would have been redoubled instead of being allayed.

For, despite his confidence in his own innocence, and in the good opinion of his friends, he realized, to perhaps too great an extent, the dangerous situation in which circumstances had placed him.

The fact of his quarrel with Mr. Ogden, of his presence on the spot at the time of the murder, and of his handkerchief and jewel being found in the room, were circumstances of such convincing weight to be presented to a jury, that he could scarcely see a loop-hole of escape from the dangerous dilemma into which chance had thrown him.

He knew nothing of the existence of any evidence to lighten the weight of these serious circumstances. He had nothing of any value to present in reference to the loss of his breastpin. The fact of a suspicious stranger having been seen in the neighborhood of his sister's house would be of no effect, unless they could directly trace the loss of the jewel to him. His cabinet having been found broken open was in his favor, but not sufficiently so to have any special weight.

Had he preserved his liberty he might have succeeded in tracing this suspicious fiddler, and probably obtained some clue to the perpetrator of the crime. But now it must be left to the hands of detective officers, men of whose shrewdness he had a very poor opinion, and of whose exertions, without a liberal use of money, he had great doubt.

It was thus peculiarly vexatious to him to be deprived of his liberty at this time, when such vital interests depended upon his preserving his freedom. He would have sought this man with all the energy and perseverance of one whose life might hang upon the result. But if now this man should absent himself from his accustomed haunts, what security was there that any vigorous search would be made for him? Would not the authorities, more probably, doubt that the jewel was stolen at all, and rest content with condemning the man they had, without troubling themselves in strenuous search for the man he suspected?

It must be admitted that he was not without reasons for his fear of the result, reasons just then stronger in his mind than they might prove in the courts of law.

The preliminary examination before the committing magistrate served to intensify this feeling in his mind. The evidence of the officer, Mr. Wayland, was taken, and Mrs. Montague was heard in relation to the finding of the criminating articles in Mr. Ogden's room.

There was but little testimony given in his favor, as the counsel whom he had employed declared that he would certainly be committed, and that he would prefer to reserve his line of defence for the regular trial. The fact of the footsteps having been found and measured upon the bank,

and the cast of the boat head, were presented at this examination, and these opened to the eyes of the lawyer a vista of possible evidence for his client where before everything had seemed dark.

The examination ended in his being fully committed to the county prison, there to await the result of a trial for the crime of which he stood charged. He was much depressed by this result. Not that he had expected to be freed, but the partial evidence elicited had borne so heavily against him, and so few points had been brought forth in his favor, that the future presented to him an outlook of the deepest gloom.

His friend, Will Graham—who had stood by his side during the hearing—and his sister, strove to rouse him from this depression, but with only partial success.

He continued to deprecate his imprisonment as a fatal misfortune, and to feel that, if at liberty, he might have traced the loss of the jewel to its proper source, and probably have discovered the real murderer.

"What is to hinder me doing this for you?" asked Graham. "I am as deeply interested in it as you are, and will offer myself as your vicegerent on the trail of the fiddler."

"You are too impetuous, Will," he replied, doubtfully. "I fear that the man may discover that he is looked for, in which case he will surely place himself out of our reach."

"I am a little hasty, I know," said Will, "and am not a very good hand in keeping the cat in the bag. But I will bring the police force to my aid. This man is likely known to the thief-catchers, and they may be able to lay their hands on him without trouble."

"I had some talk with the officers at the Central Station upon this subject. They do not seem to know him. And if they should seek him, I fear it will be done so clumsily that all the evidence we want will vanish. They will have the man, but not the facts."

"Then what did you think of doing?" asked Will.

"It was my intention to disguise myself and to seek this man at his haunts. You know my skill in masquerading and in assuming characters. My experience in private theatricals has fitted me well for this. I would have appeared to be one of his own kind, have made his acquaintance, and have gradually wormed my way into his secret."

"I doubt your doing that," replied Will. "I acknowledge that you are very skilful in changing your appearance and character, but this man might prove too shrewd for you."

"If I was but free I would prove the contrary," he answered. "I would promise the police authorities an ocean of trouble in getting me in this position again, and the thieving fiddler would need to be very shrewd to escape me."

"I am glad that you have such confidence in your ability, and wish sincerely that you had the opportunity to employ it."

"I did not realize the true condition of affairs, or I would not have been now in this position. My last visit to Glendale was a sad error. Oh! that I was but out of this prison and had the chance to work for myself!"

"That is beyond hope," said Will, "you must leave the matter to me to do my best with. Of course I am not fit to undertake the plan you have laid out, but I may find some detective officer who can carry out your idea."

"That is the best that can be done," he replied, in a tone of depression. "I have no faith at all in the detectives, either in their ability or their honesty, but must give my life now to their hands."

"I don't think you do them justice," said his friend. "In this case there is reputation to be gained in discovering the mysterious murderer, and I know that there are some very shrewd men upon the force."

"I will leave it in your hands, then. But I am almost hopeless of any favorable result."

Meanwhile the detective officers whom he thus deprecated were actively at work in search of evidence. Mr. Wayland visited his residence during the absence of his sister, and, in spite of Betsy's opposition, penetrated to his room, where he made a searching investigation.

He found it no easy matter to pass the temporary custodian of the mansion, but by a display of his star, and an assurance that he was friendly to Mr. Merivale, and was looking for evidence to assist him, he obtained entree.

Yet she followed him to the room and watched his every movement with a keenness of vision that would not have permitted the secretion of a pin without her knowledge.

His system of exploration had to her a very mysterious appearance, and she found it impossible to keep quiet during some of his movements. She looked on in silence during his close examination of the lock of the cabinet, which he found to be but a weak catch and to have been forcibly drawn out from its fastening.

She kept a like silence during his examination of the door-lock—and of the windows. It was plain that he was investigating the probabilities of a thief having really been in the room.

But when he took one of Mr. Merivale's boots from the closet and began to subject it to a close examination she could keep quiet no longer.

"Maybe you will tell me, Mr. Officer, what you are doing that for," she asked, rather shrewishly. "What had the thieves to do with his boots, I would like to know?"

"Who knows? The diamond may be stuck in the toe," he replied, striking the boot violently on the floor and knocking off some of the mud that clung to it.

"He wore them boots the day he was out of town, and there's not much chance of any diamonds in them. What on earth are you doing that for?" she asked, as the officer carefully wrapped up a piece of the dirt from the boot, and deposited it in his pocket.

"Just taking a specimen of Delaware river soil to send to the Commissioner of Agriculture, at Washington," he replied, drawing a rule from his pocket, and proceeding carefully to measure the dimensions of the boot.

"And now I s'pose you're going to turn shoemaker and try and get his jobbing," she said, in a tone that showed her disbelief of his explanations.

"It is a very pretty-shaped boot. I want to have my own made like it," he replied, noting down the measurement as he spoke.

"Like it!" she cried, disdainfully, looking at his foot and then at the boot. "Like it! You had better at once try to get a giant's foot in Cinderella's slipper. Mr. Merivale has a gentleman's foot. I've got nothing to say about yourn."

"The least said about feet in present company the soonest mended," he said, with a laugh, and a quick glance at her own sturdy foundations.

His next proceeding was equally mysterious to her. It was to open the bureau drawers and lay out the shirts it contained, subjecting the button-holes of each to a keen examination.

"Do you know which shirt he wore on that trip to the country?" he asked.

"This one," she answered, selecting one from the heap.

He proceeded to examine this with still greater attention. Not content with the naked eye he took a small microscope from his pocket, and with it intently looked at the place in which the breastpin was usually worn. He next took from his pocket-book a paper containing a few short linen ravellings, which he examined carefully with the microscope, comparing them with the texture of the shirt-bosom.

"Well, of all the men!" she cried, throwing up her hands in astonishment. "Is this what they call getting evidence? Maybe you'll tell me what these bits of thread are going to do, if I'm not too curious."

"They are not very thick or strong, are they?" he asked, holding them up to her inspection.

"Well, not extra."

"You would not think that these bits of thread were strong enough to hang a man?"

"Hang a man!" she cried, in dismay.

"Exactly. That is just what they are like to do, if they get round the neck of the right man. I will tell you this much," he continued, as he carefully replaced them in his pocket-book, "they will not hurt Mr. Merivale, and are very likely to help him."

"Thank you for that, anyhow. It's a burning sin and shame for a gentleman, and an honest man, too, to be locked up in jail, and all for nothing, too. But what's a ravel of thread going to do? I think you're just laughing at me."

"I wish I knew all it is going to do," he replied, as he turned to leave the room. "You can swear to that being the shirt he wore that day?"

"It's agin my principles to swear. I'll say it is, if that's any good."

"Mark it so that you won't forget it. It may save his life."

"I'll be sure and do that then, and thank you too for telling me of it. He's an honest man and a gentleman is Mr. Merivale, and I'd cut my ear off to get him out of jail."

Without further attention to her voluble remarks, Mr. Wayland turned on his heel, and went whistling down-stairs.

Meanwhile his associate, Mr. Long, was not idle. The habitual caution of the latter, however, induced him to seek his object in a roundabout fashion, rather than in the direct mode assumed by the less astute Mr. Wayland.

He had, moreover, reasons for special caution, in his desire not to awaken suspicions in the minds of the parties whom he had in his mind's eye. The chances of discovering this complicity seemed much greater if they were left to imagine themselves out of the reach of doubt.

His associate had already acted against his knowledge and much to his chagrin in displaying the cast they had taken, and in describing their measurement of the several footprints at the magistrate's hearing. It had effected nothing either in aiding or preventing a commitment, but might have a very serious effect in putting the owner of the boat on his guard, and inducing him to destroy all possible evidences of his guilt. The fact had been blazoned in the newspapers, and had, no doubt, been heedfully observed by all parties concerned.

He made it his aim then, in pursuing his inquiries, to do it in the most secret manner possible. Absolute secrecy was incompatible with the object to be attained, but he took the matter into his own hands, and used all his skill in keeping his aims from the notice of the public.

The boating fraternity was widely canvassed in order to discover the ownership of a boat with a peculiar prow, representing the head of a serpent. Two or three parties were found who professed to remember having seen some such a boat, but all agreed that it was not in common use upon the river, and none remembered anything concerning the occupant.

It seemed strange that a boat of such marked characteristics should be so little known, and they could only account for it on the theory that it had been very rarely used. It was probable, then, that it had been kept locked up in some private boat-house. The city was hardly the locality in which to seek for it. The quest would need to be extended to the various private residences along the river.

While on this search he was similarly engaged in seeking the mysterious street musician, who seemed somehow mixed up in the murder, though it was impossible, as yet, to guess his connection with it.

Dusky Sol, the individual in question, was not well known to the police. If he had pursued a criminal life, it had not been in this section, or otherwise he had been shrewd enough to keep beyond the reach of the law.

Hence he was only known to two or three of the thief-catching fraternity as a strolling fiddler, of whose private life no one had any idea. It was an easy matter to discover his haunts, but not so easy to discover him. He had disappeared from the unsavory locality which he had formerly frequented. Whither he had flitted no one seemed to know.

Our detective had changed his appearance in this descent into low life till it would have been no easy matter to distinguish him from the class of persons among whom his inquiries took him. He professed to be a former associate of Dusky Sol, and to be very anxious to discover his old friend. Yet, though none seemed to suspect his object, and several expressed sympathy with his anxiety and a desire to aid him, none could tell the whereabouts of the fiddler. They had not known him long, they averred, and he had kept his own business strictly to himself, so that no one could tell anything concerning his movements, or his accustomed haunts.

"I've got to see him, that's sartain as gunpowder," said the disguised officer. "Sol, you see, is a feller as stuck to me when I was very slack in duds, and hadn't a shiner to bless myself with. I'm a bit flush now, boys, and durn if I ain't a-going to help the old sinner. Who's got anything agin it, hey? Let's licker."

But though he "liquored" them till they were mellow as November apples, not a syllable of the desired information slipped from any of their loose tongues. They were evidently very ignorant of the matter, or very shrewd. He sought to gain their confidence also by revealing an intimate acquaintance with the places frequented by persons of their character throughout the city. But it was all in vain. He retired no wiser than he came, acknowledging to himself that he had by no means the easy road to travel that he had hoped for, that he had an expert hand to deal with, and one who might give him his hands full of work.

He had no thought of giving up either of the lines of investigation he had instituted, but it was evident that he must pursue them with the utmost skill and patience.

There were other points of importance in Hiram Long's programme. He was interested in learning the associations and private life of Henry Ogden. This was easier of attainment than his previous quest, and the result proved to be one not very creditable to the party in question, though nothing more was learned than that he had lived what is technically known as "a fast life."

He had associated with a class of sporting men who were without any ostensible means of support, and who fluctuated between drinking and gambling saloons in a way that seemed as if they derived the funds from one source to meet their expenses at the other. He was, moreover, deep in the mysteries of politics, of that class in which pay rather than patriotism is the potent object.

He was poor, lived by his wits, had been for some time at outs with his uncle, and though no direct dishonesty could be laid to his account, there were circumstances in his life to which the term honesty was not fairly applicable.

The detective found no reason to suppose that he had any acquaintance with persons fully within the category of the criminal classes. As for all he had learned, he had but succeeded in placing Henry Ogden on a level with hundreds within the city, who eked out a precarious living by a species of fraud, yet one which did not come under the direct cognizance or control of the law.

His shoemaker was interviewed by the astute officer, who left an order and succeeded in innocently introducing the subject of "his friend," Mr. Ogden, and of obtaining the measure of his foot, in such a mode as not to excite any suspicion of a hidden object.

The party whom he patronized for the purchase of his wearing apparel was also seen. Here it was necessary to question more directly to find out the grade of linen he had been in the habit of purchasing.

Failing to learn anything satisfactory in this mode, the servant of the house in which Mr. Ogden lodged was bribed, and his linen submitted to the inspection of the officer. He examined the shirt-bosoms as Wayland had already done with Mr. Merivale's wardrobe, but found no signs of any rent or ravelled spot, and a microscopic examination failed to identify the ravellings in his possession with the texture of the linen.

On comparing the measure of the boot, however, with Wayland's measurement of the footmarks on the river-bank, it was found to agree closely with the dimensions of several of these tracks, as others had already been found to agree in size with those of Robert Merivale's boot. The portion of mud taken from the latter boot was identical with a portion of the mud of the river-bank, which they had taken care to secure.

These latter points were rather in favor of Merivale than otherwise, as tending to confirm his own story, but the only particle of positive evidence the search had so far brought to light against Ogden was the fact that his boot would fit some of these very suspicious footprints.

CHAPTER X.

LAYING OUT WORK.

The executors appointed by Mr. Ogden's will entered without delay upon their duties. The fragmentary portion of a will which was all that they had to act upon made their task a very vexatious and uncertain one. The property which it disposed of was large, and was not to be settled without the most earnest effort to learn the true intentions of the testator, and also without time being allowed for the possible recovery of the lost portion of the document.

The highest legal authority was questioned upon the case, the portion of the will in their hands being submitted, and the keenest acumen being brought to bear upon it.

But nothing was arrived at in regard to the unknown person who had been virtually disinherited by the tearing of the will. It was a riddle to which the answer was not in their hands, nor to be arrived at by their powers of analysis.

The executors were old friends of Mr. Ogden, and well acquainted with his immediate family concerns, yet neither of them could fix upon any one to whom this mystery would point. There were no relatives of Mr. Ogden, known to them, as nearly connected within several degrees of consanguinity as his nephew, and the testator had kept up no relations of intimacy with the more remote branches of the family. From the position which Miss Dubois had occupied in his household, and his known affection for her, there was every reason to believe that a liberal provision had been made for her in the will.

But, as it stood, there was no evidence of this, and nothing remained to her but the small inheritance of which Mr. Ogden had been the custodian. At her request this was taken charge of by the executors. It had been profitably invested, but was too small to yield more than a very moderate interest.

Their deliberations ended in the conclusion that Henry Ogden should be put in temporary charge of the property, more as custodian than as heir, and that a sufficient portion of the revenues should be placed in his hands to keep up the establishment, and provide for his reasonable personal needs. The ownership of the property itself was to remain for the present in abeyance, and the remainder of the interest, rents, and other revenues, to be invested by the executors, and retained until every hope of discovering the contents of the lost portion of the document had been exhausted.

It was very possible that in the judicial investigation into the murder, and in the exertions of the officers to discover the culprit and trace the various points of evidence, some fact might come to light bearing upon the mystery that perplexed them. The lost portion of the will even might be recovered, and the important document placed complete in their hands.

Henry Ogden had remained at Glendale after the burial of his uncle, and appeared to acquiesce fully in the decision of the executors, entering at once upon his new position as provisional owner of the estate.

All the old servants were to be retained, and no change made in the condition of the household without the knowledge and consent of the executors.

Miss Dubois failed to acquiesce in this arrangement, so far as herself was concerned. She had no liking for the new master of Glendale; and, in any event, would not have consented to remain in the house under these peculiar relations.

She retired, for the present, to the house of a friend in the neighborhood, her future being left, as yet, to the decision of time and chance.

Henry Ogden appeared disposed to wear his new honors as mildly as possible. The servants found him a pleasant master, the neighbors an agreeable acquaintance. He made several visits to the city, but spent most of his time upon the place. He was rather reticent about his plans, but this seemed to principally indicate that he, as yet, had formed none.

None of his city associates had visited him in his new position, and it looked as if he intended to cut loose from his associations and turn over a new leaf in the book of life.

His only intercourse with the city, with the exception of the visits mentioned, was by letter. These came to him rather frequently, and their contents were pondered, in more than one case, at great length and with an unusual gravity. All of these letters were carefully burned after he had mastered their contents. It seemed as if it was a habit with him to give his correspondence indiscriminately to the flames, after having read it.

This entire cutting loose from his old life, as it appeared to be to those who knew aught of his past career, was not destined to be of long continuance.

One evening—shortly after the time in which the detective had retired baffled from his plan of search, with the purpose of considering the step advisable to be next taken—the new master of Glendale took an after supper walk through his grounds, for the purpose of indulging in his customary cigar.

Arriving near the road in one direction, out of sight of the house, he leaned a moment on the stone wall that bounded the estate on this side, puffing his smoke out of his private domain into that narrow realm, the property of the public at large, known as the highway.

While thus occupied there suddenly appeared before him, slowly wending his way along the road, a person at sight of whom he violently started, dropping the cigar from his lips in his surprise.

Yet it seemed strange what relations he could have with the common tramp, as the man appeared who now stood before him. He was a roughly-dressed individual, with a highly unpromising face. Under his arm he tenderly clasped a violin.

He had caught sight of Mr. Ogden at the same moment that the latter had seen him, and appeared equally startled by the recognition.

"Good-evening, gossip," he said, in a hoarse voice. "Ye're jest about the man I wanted to see—though I didn't calkerlate on finding you here."

"What do you want to see me for?" asked Ogden.

"There's something wrong—and blame me if I can jest tell what, but it's all about that blasted stone. I'm looked for, that's one thing sartain."

"Looked for?" replied Ogden, with a slight change of countenance.

"Yes, and by one of the keenest sharpers I've seen for many a day. I'm going to make myself scarce—but I wanted to see you, and know what's up."

"I don't know what you mean," replied Ogden. "Who has been looking for you? Let me hear about it."

"It's a fellar who says he's an old crony of mine, which I swear is a lie. He's jest as sharp as they make them. I heerd the most of it myself, and if I didn't keep up part of the talk with him I'm a lobster. He lickered heavy, but I tipped the lads the wink, and they were innocent as doves and knowed no more nor an oyster. Since then I've got out of them diggings."

"Do you know what the man wanted, and who he was?" asked Ogden, as he coolly lighted another cigar.

"He's on the force, I'm sure of that; though he was got up a little bit too cute for me to know him. And I know it's all about that blasted stone."

"Are you sure of that?" asked the other, puffing indolently away.

"Fighting sure. I know they've been smelling after it for a week. See here, gossip, there's something in that stone that I hain't just smelt out yet. There's the man as owned it stuck in Moyamensing sure. If you follow my directions you will never be suspected."

"I ain't much of a drinking man, and I don't care a cent for it. But what's at the bottom of all this? There's game afoot, but I can't smell it out."

"See here, Sol, I know you are a very keen sort of fellow, and that you have the ear of half the dangerous characters in the city. I have work cut out for you, which will pay you for putting it through. It is risky business though, and you must first do as I have told you and keep quiet as a mouse till the police are thrown off the track. I will give you the word when to go on."

"I never went a blind yet. And blast me if I'm going to do it now. Put the work straight afore me, and I'll tell you quick as winking whether it's down on my programme or no."

"This man who is lying in prison for the murder of Mr. Ogden had no more to do with it than you had, Sol."

"And that's blamed little."

"But for all that circumstances are strong enough against him to hang him. If it comes to a trial it will be a hanging match."

"Think it will, hey?"

"Yes. Now I have a friendly feeling for this young man. And I could not in any case stand by and see the innocent suffer."

"Precisely. I see it jest as plain as a barn-door."

"It must not come to a full trial," continued Mr. Ogden, looking cautiously around, for fear other ears than theirs might be within hearing, and dropping his voice almost to a whisper. "He must escape!"

"Must, hey? That's easy said."

"And you must be the one to work it."

"That's kind of easy said too. Maybe it won't be so easy done."

"Easy enough. I have the plan laid now that will do it. And you are just the man to put it through. Come in here, I am afraid some of the servants may be getting within hearing."

Leading the tramp to a secluded spot within the grounds, he continued the conversation for a half hour longer, giving him full particulars as to his plan.

"I'll do it. If I don't my name ain't Sol Brindle," cried the tramp, enthusiastically, as they parted again at the road-side. "It's jest the sort of work as I've got a genius for, and I ain't put through a neat job like this for years. You can count on me sure, as long as the greenbacks are planked down. Hadn't I better get now?"

"Yes. And don't come here again. It is dangerous ground for you."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 52.)

THE

Bandits of the Prairie.

A TALE OF THE TEXAN FRONTIER.

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRISONER ESCAPES.

"I am not dead yet," said the prisoner.

"No, but you soon will be. What say you, Lewis—shall we string him up as soon as we get to that piece of woods, or shall we wait till morning?"

"I vote for stretching his neck to-night," replied Lewis.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Myra, shuddering.

"Never you mind, little girl—you sha'n't see the sight, if you don't want to," said the hunter, tenderly. "It won't take but a very short time, and then we'll go on as if nothin' had happened."

"'Twill only be the death of a dirty, thieving coyote," remarked Captain Carrol. "He's a disgrace to the name of white man, and must be wiped out. Here we are at the place, boys; dismount and tie your horses—and some of you kindle a fire in the middle of the grove—we must have light on these proceedings."

The rangers halted at the edge of the wood—and while some secured the horses, others gathered together a supply of dry branches, and a fire was soon kindled in the midst of the trees. The rangers gathered around the cheerful blaze; and the doomed man, supported by Captain Carrol and Jack Lewis, was brought inside the circle to await his execution. Although apparently so near to death, the medicine-man manifested no signs of fear. His dark eyes glanced haughtily around at the assembled hunters, and he seated himself so that he could gaze directly into the beautiful face of his late captive, Myra Lewis. The girl tried to avoid his attentions, but finding that she could not do otherwise, she turned away and covered her face with her hands.

Leaving the prisoner in charge of two or three of the rangers, Captain Carrol and the hunter Lewis walked around among the trees, looking for a suitable place for the dreadful ceremony. The blazing fire cast a weird light over the trunks and branches of the trees, and over the rough, bearded faces and brawny forms of the men.

"Yonder is the very place," said Carrol, pointing to a drooping bough of a huge live-oak. "Nature must have made it for this purpose. If we had the rope over that limb, now, all would be ready."

"That can soon be done," replied Lewis. "Where's your rope?"

"Here," said the ranger, producing a strong rope about thirty feet long. "I've used this to lasso wild horses, and I reckon it will answer this purpose just as well."

"No danger of it breaking," answered Lewis; and taking the rope in his hands, he fastened a heavy piece of wood to one end, and then threw it quickly and skilfully over the bending branch, which was about fifteen feet from the ground in the lowest place.

"Now make a noose in the other end—you're kinder used to the business—and then everything will be ready for the little ceremony," said the hunter, with grim humor.

While Captain Carrol was arranging the rope, George Stanhope and Walter Darrell approached.

"This seems like a terrible business," said the latter.

"But it's got to be done," answered the leader of the rangers, firmly.

"Why not carry the prisoner to the settlements, and let him be tried according to law?"

"Stranger," replied Captain Carrol, "my band of rangers is the court that will try all such scoundrels as this black-hearted renegade. For a long time he has been the head-rascal among the Camanches, putting them up to devilry that they wouldn't think of themselves. He never spared the life of an enemy that fell into his hands. You two men know how much mercy he showed you; and now we've got him in our power, and he's got to die. If we carried him with us further, he might escape—he's got the cunning of the devil, and if he once gets away, we'll never get hold of him again."

"No, sir, he's got to hang, and we may as well be about the business," said Jack Lewis. "Curse him, he stole my girl—and Jack Lewis ain't the man to forgive an injury."

"Nor I either," said George Stanhope, "and that this man did not torture me to death was no fault of his. But before he dies, I would like to question him concerning my sister. If he knows anything about her, he will perhaps confess it."

"Your sister?" said Captain Carrol. "Is your sister missing?"

Stanhope explained, in as few words as possible, the mysterious disappearance of his sister, and the unsuccessful search prosecuted by himself and his friends.

"I'll bet a herd of cattle, that the fiend knows something about her," said the ranger.

"I think not," replied Jack Lewis, "I don't think she's among the Camanches."

"Then what has become of her?" asked Stanhope, anxiously.

"I don't know. We'll go and cross-question the prisoner; and if he knows anything about your sister, we'll have it out of him, if we have to torture him first."

Accordingly they approached the captive, who sat sullenly staring at the blazing fire, evidently resolved to meet his fate with calmness and indifference.

"This young man wants to know if you know anything about the disappearance of his sister," said Captain Carrol.

The medicine-man glanced at the face of his questioner, and then at the two young men, who awaited his reply with terrible interest.

"I know nothing about the girl," he said, calmly.

"Oh, I beseech you tell the truth," exclaimed Walter Darrell.

"If you don't, we'll force it out of you," added Jack Lewis.

The prisoner cast a contemptuous glance at the last speaker, as he replied firmly—

"You need not think to frighten me with threats, for the medicine-man of the Camanches never felt fear. He scorns all your means of torture, and will die as becomes a warrior. He has answered the young man's question truthfully. The girl has never been in the hands of the Camanches, and they know nothing whatever about her."

"I think he speaks the truth," said Captain Carrol.

"The medicine-man of the Camanches is not like the warriors of the treacherous race that he has forsaken forever," said the captive, in a loud voice. "They lie to each other, and cheat and plunder their best friends; but I will not speak a falsehood even to my enemies. Cruel, and bloodthirsty, and merciless I may be; but I scorn to let my tongue follow a crooked trail."

"Surely this man is insane!" exclaimed Walter Darrell, astonished to hear such sentiments proclaimed by one whom he had thought utterly depraved.

"Possessed of the devil, rather," said the leader of the rangers. "Great medicine-man of the Camanches, black-hearted renegade, or whatever you are, if you've got any prayer to make to your Great Spirit, be quick about it—the rope is waiting for you, yonder."

"I have nothing to say, except to make a slight request."

"What is it? Be quick!" said the ranger.

"I ask you to cut the cords that bind my feet together, and let me walk to my death as a Camanche warrior should. You need not fear that I shall escape."

"Well, I rather guess there's no chance of escape, with your hands tied and twenty men around you. If you can die any easier with your feet free, why I ain't the man to refuse the last request of such a miserable reptile as you. Jack Lewis, cut the cords."

Lewis complied, and the prisoner arose to his feet. The ranger and the hunter held him tightly by the arms, but he made no effort to escape.

"I am ready!" he said, looking around proudly and fearlessly.

"So are we," replied Captain Carrol, and they approached the spot where the rope was dangling in the air. George Stanhope and Walter Darrell remained by the side of Myra Lewis, who was greatly affected by the deed that was about to be done.

"Oh, Heaven! it seems terrible! terrible!" cried the girl, burying her face in her hands.

"Terrible, but just," replied young Stanhope, who sat close by the maiden's side. "The villain deserves death, if ever mortal did. Think how narrowly we both escaped from his power—"

"I know, I know—but still it seems like murder—I cannot bear the sight!"

"Do not look, then—it will be over in a moment," said the young man; and to shield her from the unwelcome vision, he slipped his arm around her waist, and drew her head down upon his breast.

The prisoner stood motionless while the terrible noose was adjusted around his neck.

"Lewis, you and three or four others hold the rope, ready to haul up when I give the word," said Captain Carrol. "The rest of you stand back out of the way. Now, prisoner, I give you a moment to make your last prayer, if you desire to pray."

The ranger stepped back a few paces from the doomed man, and raised his hand in the air.

"When I drop my hand, haul on the rope," he said to his men. "Prisoner, be quick."

The prisoner's hands were bound together before him. He raised them toward his face as if in prayer, but quick as lightning, the cords fell from his wrists as if by magic, a knife flashed in the air, the rope was severed, and with a fiend, defiant yell the medicine-man of the Camanches bounded outward past his would-be executioners, and disappeared in the shadows of the trees. The whole performance occupied scarcely two seconds of time.

For a moment the captain of the rangers stood as if spell-bound. Then he turned toward his equally astonished men. "That man was the devil!" he cried, hoarsely.

CHAPTER XIII.

WATCHING AND WAITING.—ON TO THE RESCUE.

As the reader may imagine, there was little sleep for Mr. Stanhope's family the first night after Louisa's disappearance. In fact, they did not retire at all, but sat in silent misery, listening to every sound, and looking into each other's pallid faces with tearful eyes. Mrs. Stanhope was almost heart-broken; her youngest daughter was her darling, and the blow fell with crushing force upon her affectionate mind and delicate nerves. Mr. Stanhope was less demonstrative than his wife, but he also loved his beautiful daughter tenderly, and her loss wrung his heart sorely. Annie, outwardly, was calm and unmoved; but she possessed the power of restraining her feelings to a wonderful degree; and if she uttered few lamentations over her sister's disappearance, it was not because she did not mourn her loss.

The night passed slowly away; the cheerful morning appeared, but brought no cheering tidings to the bereaved family. Toward noon, Eugene Layton came to visit his sweetheart, and was informed of what had happened. He was greatly shocked, for he was almost as one of the family.

"Do you feel quite sure that Louisa was stolen by the Indians?" he inquired, as he and his prospective father-in-law sat out on the porch discussing the matter.

"Why, what else could become of her? she was certainly carried off by some persons, as we plainly heard her cries for help."

"I have a suspicion, but I know you will not listen to it—"

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Stanhope, quickly.

"I think it possible that she may have been abducted by your herdsman—"

"Juan? Nonsense! Why, man, must you all have suspicions of my herdsman, who is as honest a fellow as ever breathed? I would as soon suspect you of such an act as Juan."

"I knew you would scout the idea, but still I considered it my duty to inform you of my suspicions. I know that Juan loves your daughter—I have seen that for a long time; and since Mr. Darrell has been here, I have noticed that the Mexican has been tormented by jealousy. Once I overheard him talking to himself in the stables. He was muttering: 'Curse this city fop—I suppose Louisa will prefer him to me, but she shall be mine in spite of all h—ll!'"

"The presuming scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Stanhope, angrily.

"I do not pretend to say that Juan has

stolen your daughter—I only suggest the possibility of such an occurrence."

"But what would he do with her, even if he dared to carry her off? He has no house, no place to take her to; he would not try to keep a wife on the open prairies."

"Certainly not; but if Juan is the man I take him to be, he would not hesitate to flee across the border into Mexico with his prize."

"Great Heaven! that would be worse than captivity among the Indians," exclaimed Mr. Stanhope.

"Do not be unnecessarily alarmed," said Eugene Layton. "I scarcely think that your herdsman is desperate enough to undertake such a thing."

"What shall we do, at any rate? I dare not leave my family to go in search of poor Louisa, and I cannot rest here at home while my daughter may be suffering torture and death."

"I would advise you to wait with patience till another day, and then, if we have no tidings of the missing girl, I myself will go in search of her, accompanied by two or three of my most trusty herdsmen."

"Then I shall go with you. The Indians cannot make an attack on my house without our knowledge while we are gone, and we shall engage their attention elsewhere."

"I think there is little danger of an Indian attack," said Layton; "but if you approve of the plan, I will bring my servants here to your house. They will be company, if not protection, for your family while we are gone."

"That will be an excellent plan," said Mr. Stanhope eagerly, "and I will be very thankful to you if you will act upon it. I am really afraid my wife will become distracted, if her mind is not diverted in some way."

"Then I shall return home at once, and bring my household back with me," said Mr. Layton. "In the morning, if we have no tidings before, we will go in search of the missing one."

The day and the night passed, and the morning came, but with it no news of the lost darling of the house, or of the two young men who had rushed to her rescue. Mrs. Stanhope's grief became almost unendurable; she paced from room to room, from door to door, looking with tear-swollen eyes for the return of her children, who did not come—who alas! were suffering almost all the horrors that the mother's fevered imagination pictured.

As soon as the dreary morning meal was finished, four horses, saddled and bridled, were brought out by the servant-boy, Pompey; and Mr. Stanhope and Eugene Layton, accompanied by two herdsmen in the service of the latter—stout young fellows, American born—prepared to start in search of the lost maiden. Mr. Stanhope held his wife to his heart for a moment, and his tears mingled with hers; and Eugene Layton pressed a fond kiss on the lips of his betrothed.

"Good-bye, Annie!" he said. "If I never see you again—"

"You must not talk so," said Annie Stanhope, striving to smile through her tears. "You *must* come back again, with my beautiful sister alive and well."

"With God's help we will do so. If we cannot— But good-bye, my darling."

He sprang into his saddle, and followed by Mr. Stanhope and the herdsmen, galloped away over the prairie. They had gone but a short distance when they met Juan, the herdsman, riding toward Mr. Stanhope's house.

"You are just the man we wished to see," said Mr. Stanhope. "But what have you been doing, Juan, to get your face so terribly scratched?"

For once in his life, Juan told the truth, and related his encounter with the panther.

"You had a narrow escape—but we are going to meet a more deadly foe than the panther. Juan, my daughter Louisa is stolen—was carried away the night before last."

"Great Heaven!"

Juan's dark face blushed scarlet as he uttered the exclamation.

"George and Mr. Darrell started at once in pursuit of her abductors, but they have not yet returned, and I fear that they have been unsuccessful in their search. We are now going ourselves to look for some trace of the poor girl."

"Who has done the villainous deed, do you think?" asked Juan.

"We do not know, but we suppose she was stolen by the Indians. My son saw a band of them that afternoon a few miles away, and they chased him for some distance."

"Ah, yes—I myself saw a squad of Camanches that same evening. They attempted to stampede some more cattle, but we proved too strong for them, and drove them away. I presume it was this same band that captured your daughter."

"Without doubt. Juan, you are familiar with Indian habits—do you think there is any chance of recovering the poor girl alive?"

"It is not likely that the Camanches will put your daughter to death. She will doubtless be made the wife of one of their chiefs," replied the Mexican, gravely.

"Then she may be rescued before such a thing happens. Eugene, we must push on without delay."

"Why cannot you go with us?" said Layton, addressing the Mexican. "You are skilled in border warfare—you are familiar with the country, and could lead us directly to the Indian encampment."

"Come with us, Juan," said Mr. Stanhope, "and I will pay you anything you ask. Your men can take care of the cattle—and if they do not, what are all my cattle compared with the life and happiness of my daughter?"

Juan hesitated a moment ere he replied to this proposal.

"I would gladly go with you," he said, "but I promised to be back among my men before noon. If you think it best, I will return to them, pick out a half-dozen of the bravest fellows and follow you at once. I advise you to go on without stopping—I shall overtake you before night."

"An excellent plan—bring with you all who are willing to come."

"I will do so. I was just going to the stables to procure two fresh horses, as we had two killed in a skirmish with Indians the other day."

"Very well—take your choice. My boy Pompey will open the stables for you."

"I can easily follow your trail, and shall overtake you by the middle of the afternoon. Good-morning."

Juan galloped away toward the house, and Mr. Stanhope and his friends continued on their outward journey. They were familiar with the country for several miles around, and they headed their horses in a westerly direction.

"You see your suspicions of Juan were altogether unfounded," remarked Mr. Stanhope. "The man knew nothing about the capture of my poor child, and I think he is as anxious for her safety as I myself. I now feel confident that our enterprise will be successful, for Juan and his herdsmen are all experienced Indian fighters, and when they join us we shall have quite a strong force."

"*If* they join us," replied Eugene Layton. "I am afraid that Juan will consider his own safety of more importance than anything else, and neglect to join so perilous an expedition."

"Why, he said he would follow us as soon as he procured fresh horses to replace those that were killed."

"I know he said so, and perhaps he means to do as he said; but there was a strange look in the fellow's eyes all the while that I did not like."

"Nonsense, nonsense, Eugene!" said Mr. Stanhope. "I saw nothing unusual in his expression, and I don't doubt that he will overtake us long before night."

"Well, we will hope for the best," replied Layton; and the men rode for a long distance without further conversation. They followed the same route that George Stanhope and Walter Darrell had taken; indeed, the trail was still plainly visible, as no rain had fallen since the night of the abduction, and they supposed themselves on the track of the Indians. They crossed the first stream, little thinking how near they were to the prison of the lost maiden, and continued on across the level plain toward the stream known among the bandits as Sandy Creek. By the time they reached this latter place the afternoon was well advanced, and they began to look anxiously for the coming of Juan and his herdsmen; but they did not appear, and our friends continued to follow the trail westward, although troubled with serious misgivings. The sun sank lower and lower, but still the expected reinforcements were not to be seen.

"I am certain that Juan is playing us false," at length said Eugene Layton. "He promised to overtake us by the middle of the afternoon, and now the sun is nearly down."

"Perhaps he has not yet had time—we had several miles the start, you know."

"But we have travelled slowly a great part of the time: Juan could have overtaken us hours ago, if he had wished to do so. I don't like the looks of the matter at all."

"Doubtless he has been detained by some unlooked-for circumstance," said Mr. Stanhope. "I still have confidence in him. Look yonder! he is coming now, but in a different direction from the one we expected."

Mr. Stanhope pointed to the westward, where four or five horsemen were seen riding toward them at a lively gallop.

"How could Juan have got ahead of us?" asked Layton. "But no matter, let us hurry to meet them, and arrange some plan for the night's work."

They started forward at a rapid rate, and soon approached within a few rods of the other party, who suddenly halted their horses, and seemed to be holding a consultation. Eugene Layton checked his steed also, and looked keenly at the group of horsemen.

"Neither of those men is Juan," he said, suddenly.

"But the foremost one is his assistant, Gonzales," replied Mr. Stanhope.

"Look at his horse! By heaven, it is Walter Darrell's black stud, Ebony! What does this mean?"

"And that next fellow is mounted on the animal that my son rode away, and they are leading two riderless horses. I do not understand this," cried Mr. Stanhope, greatly excited.

"We will find out at once what it means," replied Layton; and putting spurs to their horses, the four men swiftly approached the group of herdsmen. But the latter, instead of waiting until our friends could come up with them, turned their horses quickly, and dashed away over the prairie at a furious rate.

"Stop! stop!" yelled Mr. Stanhope, at the top of his voice.

But Gonzales and his men only urged their horses to a more headlong speed.

CHAPTER XIV.

INEZ RELATES THE STORY OF HER LIFE.

Louisa Stanhope was so completely overcome by the adventures through which she had passed, that, despite her dreadful position, she sank into a dreamless sleep, from which she did not awake until a late hour in the morning. That is, her jailor, Inez, informed her that the morning was well advanced; within the room where she was confined, day and night were all the same. The only light that ever cheered the gloomy vault was the dim light of a candle.

"My poor child, you have rested well," said Inez, in gentle tones.

"Only to awake to a new sense of the horror of my condition," answered Louisa. "Oh, Heaven, if I might sleep the sleep that knows no waking!"

"Do not distress yourself too much," said the woman, soothingly. "You have nothing to fear at present."

"Oh, that dreadful man—will he not return to torment me with his hateful words of love?"

"Not for a day or two, I fancy. He was terribly scratched in his fight with the panther, and it will take time for his wounds to heal."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Louisa, fervently.

"Our captain will not have a very affectionate wife, it seems," said Inez, gravely.

"Wife! do you think I will ever be that man's wife?"

"Such is his intention, at least—and his will is law in this place."

"But he can never force me into such bondage," said the girl, firmly. "Remember, you promised to aid me; to give me the means of ending my miserable life."

"I have the stiletto here," replied Inez, touching her bosom.

"Give it to me!" cried Louisa, eagerly.

"Not yet—wait till you have need to use it. If you had it, you could do nothing, with your hands bound."

"Oh, Inez, release me—let me at least have the liberty of my hands."

"I dare not," replied the woman. "If I disobey the captain's orders again, he will not hesitate to take my life. I know him well, girl—he will stop at no crime, however desperate, to further his own plans."

"And to think that my father has trusted this man implicitly for years!"

"Your father has trusted him to his own loss, then. I have overheard Juan and my husband planning together, and I know that they have driven away hundreds of your father's cattle, and put the money into their own pockets."

"Why do you continue to live amid such villains?" asked Louisa, regarding her companion's pale but beautiful face with deep interest.

"What can I do? Gonzales is my husband—if I leave his protection, where shall I go?"

"Why did you marry such a man? Surely you were not born to such a life as this?"

"True, I was not," replied Inez, with a sigh. "I was born in a home of wealth and luxury, in sunny Mexico—but why do I recall scenes that are forever past—happiness and innocence that I never again can know?"

"Tell me your history," said Louisa, eagerly.

"Not now—not now," said the woman, sadly. "It would not interest you to hear it, and I do not wish to repeat the painful story."

"It would interest me deeply, and divert my mind from the contemplation of my own misery," persisted Louisa.

"Not to-day—I don't feel like it. To-morrow, perhaps, I will tell you the tale."

"Ah! who knows what to-morrow may bring forth!" murmured Louisa.

"Who, indeed? Great things may happen in the outside world, but it is not likely that there will be anything to break the monotony of this dreary place."

The day passed, and the night, but neither Juan nor any of his band disturbed the solitude of the two females. Inez carried food and drink to her prisoner, but poor Louisa could eat but little—her heart was too heavy. On the morning of the second day, the bandit's wife sat down by the captive's side, and laying her hand gently on the maiden's head, she said—

"How beautiful you are, my poor girl—more beautiful even than I was at your age, and I was thought to be very fair once."

"You are beautiful still; but you are pale and careworn," replied Louisa, looking earnestly at the woman's delicate features.

"No wonder I am pale; but I was fresh and rosy enough once."

"You promised yesterday to tell me your story—tell it now, for I fear I shall go wild, unless my mind is turned from dwelling on my own fate."

"Well, if you care to hear it, I will tell you the short, sad story of my youth," replied Inez. She sat silent for a moment, and then, caressing the prisoner's long curls with her hand, she began—

"As I said, I was born in a home of wealth and luxury. My father was the proprietor of rich silver mines in Mexico, which yielded him an income more than sufficient for all his wants. He was a Spaniard by birth, the descendant of a long line of haughty nobles. My mother was a beautiful Mexican girl, with the blood of the Indian race in her veins. She was only the daughter of an humble miner, but my father loved her for her wonderful beauty, and made her his wife. There were but two children of us—my Sister Marianita, a year or two older than I, and myself. My sister resembled her father—she was gentle, obedient and affectionate; but I inherited the untamed fire and passion of my mother's nature. Our father was a refined and scholarly man, and he endeavored to impart to us his knowledge and love of books; but though I was quick in some branches, especially in the acquiring of languages, I could not endure the restraint necessary to the gaining of a complete education; so, while my sister was studying, I would mount my pony, and gallop at will over the prairies and mountains. My disposition was wild and fearless, and scenes and situations that would have caused other girls of my age to faint with terror, were to me only a delight. I have ridden alone over the prairies through a furious thunderstorm, or met the hungry panther face to face, without the quivering of a nerve.

"I was scarcely sixteen when I first felt the passion of love. The overseer of my father's mines was a young man named Gonzales Valasquez. He was very handsome and agreeable, and as I saw him frequently, I soon fancied myself in love with him. It was only a girlish fancy, for I was scarcely more than a child; but the young man loved me with all the ardor of his passionate nature, and he won my promise to be his wife. My father knew nothing of this; we dared not tell him, for we knew that he would never consent to our union. Valasquez was without friends or fortune, and though he served my father faithfully, his character was none of the best. He possessed a violent temper, which continually led him into trouble with his associates; and once he had killed a man in a quarrel. But, young and romantic, I cared not for all this; I rather admired the young man for his courage and spirit.

"What might have been the result of my youthful passion, I know not. I would very likely have married Gonzales, for he was several years older than myself, and had great influence over me. But a visitor arrived at my father's house, and as soon as I saw him I knew that I had met my fate. The stranger was a native of the United States, travelling through Mexico for pleasure; he had met my father by accident, and had at once accepted an invitation to spend a few days at our home.

"The stranger gave his name as Henry Neville. He was very young—scarcely more than twenty. His face and form were very handsome, and there was a strange mesmerism in his dark-gray eyes that influenced me powerfully. His glance seemed to fascinate me, and ere I had been with him twenty-four hours I loved him with all the depth and passion of my nature. I knew that the attraction was mutual; the stranger's piercing eyes sought mine continually, and his face flushed whenever I addressed him.

"Young as he was, Mr. Neville was a profound scholar, and had travelled extensively; and he and my father became firm friends. He was well versed in scientific matters, and he became greatly interested in my father's mining operations; and my father, finding the young man to be a congenial spirit, urged him to make his house his home as long as he remained in that part of the country.

"Several weeks passed by, and still the stranger remained. My father was delighted with his guest; and I—I loved him better than all the world—better than life itself. My fancy for Gonzales Valasquez was forgotten—Henry Neville appeared as much above my first love as the sun was above the earth. I avoided meeting Valasquez as much as possible, and gave myself up to the charm of the young American's society. My parents saw the growing love between us, and approved of it. They saw that their guest was a scholar and a gentleman, and in every way worthy of their daughter.

"But Gonzales Valasquez was not a man to give up any object on which he had set his heart. He loved me passionately, and when he saw that the young American had supplanted him in my favor, the demon of jealousy was aroused within his breast. He still managed to see me sometimes, and he warned me, with a fearful oath, that if I proved false to him, he would kill my lover; but I, happy and thoughtless, only laughed at his threats, and told him that I no longer loved him, and therefore wished to have nothing more to do with him. But Gonzales vowed that I should be his—that he would never give me up.

"One day Señor Neville and I were walking alone together through the forest. He was talking rapidly and eloquently (he could speak the Spanish language fluently, and I could also speak English, and we used the two languages alternately) in Spanish, about the passion of love; and he ended his discourse by declaring his deep and undying affection for me. I listened with throbbing heart and glowing cheeks, too much overcome by happiness to answer a word; but my lover read my soul in my blushing face, and clasping me in his arms, he pressed fond kisses on my willing lips.

"'My beautiful love, my wife that is to be!' he murmured.

"'Never shall she be your wife!' said a coarse voice behind us.

"We turned quickly, and saw Gonzales Valasquez, his face dark with passion.

"'Who are you?' asked Señor Neville, angrily.

"'Your master, senor,' answered Gonzales; and drawing a dagger from his bosom, he continued, fiercely: 'Unless you leave the country at once I will kill you, by Heaven! This girl was my promised wife before she saw you, and I have the best right to her.'

"'I do not believe you, scoundrel,' said Neville.

"'I tell you the truth,' replied Gonzales. 'Will you go at once, or do you prefer to die?'

"'I fear you not, and I will never leave Mexico, unless Inez goes with me as my wife,' said my lover, throwing his arm around my waist.

"'What do you say, Inez?' asked Gonzales, looking at me. 'Do you love this stranger? Will you be his wife?'

"'I love him—I will be his wife,' I replied firmly.

"'Never! never!' exclaimed Gonzales; then, grasping his dagger firmly in his hand, he sprang upon Señor Neville, crying hoarsely, 'You would steal my sweetheart from me? Die, dog that you are!'

"A furious struggle ensued. In a moment, Señor Neville fell to the ground, with a stream of blood pouring from his side, and Valasquez replaced the bloody dagger in his bosom. With a wild scream, I threw myself on my knees by my lover's side, crying—

"'Oh, Gonzales, you have killed him—oh, my love, my love!'

"'Yes, I have killed him—I warned you that I would do it,' replied Gonzales, calmly. 'I cannot live without you, Inez—you must be my wife.'

"'Never, ah, never!' I moaned, kissing the fallen man's pallid face.

"'We shall see!' said Gonzales, and stooping, he raised me in his arms and bore me from my lover's side. I struggled to free myself, but he held me with a grasp of iron.

"'Oh, let me go!' I shrieked, wildly. 'Where would you take me?'

"'I will never let you go,' replied Gonzales, 'and I will take you where I can make you my wife. After what has happened I dare not stay here, and I will not go away without *you*.'

"I struggled desperately, and begged for mercy, but all in vain. Valasquez carried me miles through the forest, amid the wild and desolate mountains; and at last he entered a dark cave, which proved to be the retreat of a band of outlaws. Here I was confined for two or three days. Gonzales was one of the band, and appeared to exercise a good deal of influence over the brigands. At length my captor bore me from the cave, and, accompanied by four or five of the outlaws, set out on what proved to be a long journey. They rode without stopping for a day and a night, and at last halted at a miserable hut, which was the residence of a solitary priest. I was carried inside the hut, and my captor informed the priest that he desired him to marry us. The priest readily consented, and I was too much worn out in body and mind to resist. The ceremony was performed, and Gonzales kissed me and called me his wife, but I scarcely comprehended what had taken place. As soon as the marriage was over, the journey was continued several miles further, and the men entered a wild mountain gorge, where apparently the foot of man had seldom ventured. I was carried into a large cave, one room of which was furnished with beds and chairs; and my captor, or my husband, informed me that this was to be my home.

"I do not wish to dwell on this part of my life. I was kept in that cave for years, never being allowed to see the outside world. I attempted to escape, but unsuccessfully, and at last I gave up in despair, and became partially resigned to my fate. My husband treated me very kindly, and some of my former love for him revived; but I shuddered when I thought of the crimes which I knew he was committing daily. I knew nothing of what was transpiring in the world—I knew not if my parents were living or dead; but Gonzales one day informed me that he had paid a visit to my childhood's home—that my parents were both dead—that my sister had married an American gentleman within a year after my disappearance, and had gone with him to the United States. Of the war that was waged between the United States and Mexico I knew nothing, except what my husband chose to tell me; and to this day I have never heard a word from home or friends. Twenty-five years of my life have been passed in the retreats of outlaws. I have been in this place for two years, and perhaps shall remain here till I die—and Heaven grant that death may come soon! I have no longer any hope. I have no longer a wish to abandon my way of life. My kindred have all been dead long years—my husband, desperate and sinful as he is, is the only being in the world who loves me—who would protect me from want and suffering. Could I go among respectable people now, I would be scorned and despised—there is nothing left for me to do but to drag out the remnant of my miserable life here as best I may. But oh! it has been an awful fate for such a soul as mine—I do not blame you my poor girl, for wishing death rather than such a life."

As she finished her narrative, Inez Valasquez bowed her face upon her hands and wept.

Louisa Stanhope had listened to the story with breathless interest.

"What was your father's name?" she asked, eagerly.

"Don Hernando Carrasco," replied Inez.

"There is a miniature portait in my bosom—take it and look at it. Did you ever see any one who resembled that picture?" asked Louisa, when Inez had secured the portrait.

Inez looked at the miniature a moment, and a cry of astonishment escaped her lips.

"It is my sister, Marianita," she said. "This is a perfect picture of her as she appeared when I last saw her, twenty-five years ago. How came you in possession of the miniature?"

"It is a portrait of my mother," replied Louisa, striving to speak calmly.

"Your mother? Great Heaven! then you are—"

"Your niece—your own flesh and blood," cried Louisa. "I felt strangely drawn to you at first, but I knew not the cause of the attraction."

"Ah, can this be so?" murmured Inez. "I fear it is only a dream."

"It is sober reality. My father, an American gentleman, was travelling in Mexico when he met and loved my mother. I have often heard my parents speak of your mysterious disappearance. No trace of you could be found, and your loss broke the hearts of your parents. They lived long enough to see your sister married to my father, and then they died within a few days of each other. My father resided in Mexico a short time, but at the commencement of the war between that country and our own, he took his wife to his native city, New Orleans, where he continued several years. Growing tired of the city, he at length removed to Texas, where he became a cattle-raiser on a large scale, and he has followed that business up to the present time."

"And for two years I have lived among men who have been robbing him continually," said Inez.

"But you did not know it," said Louisa, pityingly.

"No, truly, I did not know that I was living so near my own kindred; but I knew that I was surrounded by bandits—aye, and murderers, for my husband killed the only man I ever loved!"

"You shall leave these desperate men at once; you shall go with me to my home, where my beautiful mother will welcome her long-lost sister with open arms."

"Alas, alas!" sighed Inez, weeping bitterly, "I am vile and degraded; for long years I have seen the faces of none but robbers and murderers. I have been an accomplice, however unwillingly, in my husband's crimes. Were I to go to my sister now, she would turn me from her door with scorn and loathing."

"Never!" exclaimed Louisa, quickly. "My mother is good and gentle and loving—she will rejoice over your escape from such terrible captivity. Our home shall be yours; we will all love you the more for the dreadful sufferings through which you have passed."

"But, my poor girl, you forget that we are both prisoners," said Inez, sadly. "We are in the hands of desperate men, and unless we can escape—"

"We *shall* escape!" interrupted Louisa. "You are not bound—you know the secrets of the cave—you can open the door of this room when you choose. Unbind me, and we will flee together at once."

"You forget Juan and his men—the mouth of the cave is now constantly guarded."

"At least we can make the attempt—we can no more than fail."

"You are right, dear child," said the woman, drawing a stiletto from her bosom and cutting the cords that bound Louisa's wrists and ankles. "Now your limbs are free. If we can only get outside of the cave, we may escape."

"Thank you, dear aunt," said Louisa, springing to her feet. "Now let us start at once. Oh, surely Heaven will aid us to escape the power of those dreadful men."

The woman's lips quivered at the words "dear aunt," but she strove to restrain her emotion. She hastily unbolted the door, and was about to open it, when she heard a step without.

"Who comes there?" she asked, growing sick at heart

"Captain Juan," answered a voice outside, and the door was swung open.

"Oh, Heaven!" moaned Inez, staggering back to the side of her trembling niece. "Oh, my poor girl, we cannot escape—Juan will bind us both so that we cannot move."

"Give me your dagger!" panted Louisa, clutching her companion's arm.

"No, no!" replied Inez, in a broken whisper. "I myself will use it—but upon the body of Juan."

The bandit approached close to the two women. His face was concealed by a mask, but his voice, when he spoke, was strangely unlike Juan's usual coarse tones.

"I have come for the girl," he said, addressing Inez.

"What would you do with her—where would you take her?" asked Inez, grasping her stiletto.

"No matter—she must go with me; and I warn you, at your peril, not to interfere."

"Never shall she go with you; I will protect her with my life. Come not near, her, Juan, or this dagger shall seek your heart."

The bandit drew back a pace and raising his mask, revealed the face, not of the robber captain, but of his man, Carlos. His handsome face was very pale, but kindly in expression.

"You!" exclaimed Inez in astonishment. "Why are you here?"

"I am come to set the prisoner free—to restore her to her home and friends," replied Carlos, in his low, musical voice. "If you have a woman's heart in your bosom, do not try to prevent me."

(*To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 50.*)

☞ A young fellow who was recently committed to jail in Portland, Maine, for an assault, sent a pathetic appeal to the judge, in which he said:—"I have onley ben married to months & I hante had My Honey Moon yet, this is the first time I ever was in jail or erreated. If you will Consider my case & let me of on a fine I will return to My Darling Wife." The stern decrees of justice were carried out nevertheless.

☞ A very Daniel of a judge lives in Memphis. He came to judgment the other day in a case about a goose. This graceful fowl fell into the river, and it was rescued by a man and brother, who claimed salvage from its owner, an Italian. The latter wouldn't pay it, and produced a persuasive pistol, whereupon the colored person marched off with the goose and got a warrant for assault. Then did the goose's owner swear out an answering warrant for the goose. The judge, perplexed, fined both of them and kept the goose himself.

☞ Six weeks ago an Illinois widow fainted away at the grave of her husband, and remained in a fit all night; but she now has another husband to console her.

☞ A Delaware paper says of a man whose cow mired to death: "Mr. Jones has the sympathy of the whole town in this his dark hour of grief."

☞ The Belgian Government has recently ordered securely-locked letter-boxes to be placed in all the insane asylums of the country, public or private, in positions where they will be easily accessible to all the inmates. They are designed to allow complaints and suggestions to be made to the authorities in a way independent of any of the officers or attendants. The complaints are investigated, and if any one asserts that he is sane he is ordered to be examined by medical experts.

☞ A Kiel, Germany, professor of philosophy has given a ball to celebrate the 2302d anniversary of Plato's birth. Platohops and Aristotle-soirees are expected to be all the rage now.

☞ A decidedly rough-looking individual applied for a license as teacher of a school not far from Troy recently. "Do you think you can manage a school?" inquired the examiner. "Well, I guess so," said the applicant, imperturbably; "if I can't, I kin knock spots out of the youngsters." The vacancy still exists.

AUNT MOLLIE'S HOGS.

DEAR POST—The following sketch is *almost* true. Publish it and you will delight "Aunt Mollie's" children (who think there *never* were such hogs) as well as other boys and girls obliged to "drive the hogs to pasture." L. M. N.

Aunt Mollie's hogs live in Illinois. So does Aunt Mollie. I simply mention the fact that you may know. And as the hogs are of a great deal of importance it is but justice to give them the preference. They understand their business and act accordingly—exhibiting great forethought occasionally. Does she pen them up, they are certain to liberate themselves. If they can invent no other way of escape they will, if a rail happens to lean against the fence, walk up and jump over as though it was a matter of course, and then for the pound. Does she drive them to pasture, they find their way back to the starting-point in an amazingly short time, and in a still shorter time they find their way to the pound. One night they were missing. We sat up for them quite late, but they must have been otherwise engaged as they failed to make their appearance. The next morning the corporation sent word to Aunt Mollie to take away her hogs and leave five dollars. Of course she was delighted. She invited them to come and live with her once more. The invitation, by the way, was sent on *hickory*. They accepted, fully determined to stay there until they could invent a new way of escape. They *did* stay. They stayed there a whole night and two days. That was too much—more than hog-nature could stand. They held a consultation, and the result was they would endure it no longer. It was an outrage on their feelings as well as their appetites. They would resent it. They made preparations for escape. They dragged rails from an adjacent rail-pile—piled them in the form of steps to the top of the fence. Oh, how delightful to skip over! Ten minutes more and they were happy. They were in the pound.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LOST GIP. By the author of "Jessica's First Prayer," &c. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The August number contains "The New Hyperion;" "Our Home in the Tyrol," by Margaret Howitt; "On the Church Steps," by Sarah C. Hallowell; "Inside Japan," &c. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The August number contains "The Art of Being President, gathered from the Experience of Thomas Jefferson," by James Parton; "Without Reward," by D. H. R. Goodale; "Honest John Vane," by J. W. De Forest; "On an Intaglio Head of Minerva," by T. B. Aldrich; "Question," by Louise Chandler Moulton, &c. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. The August number contains "Nantucket," (Illustrated;) "Normandy Picturesque," (Illustrated;) "The Canopus Stone," by E. J. Davis; "The Blue Bird," by John Burroughs; "Modern Skepticism," by Augustus Blauvelt, &c. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE GALAXY. The August number contains "A Visit to Venus," by Clemens Petersen; "The Wetherill Affair," by J. W. De Forest; "Apple Blossoms," by Clara Clayton; "Life on the Plains," by General G. A. Custer; "Japanning the English Language," by Coates Kinney, &c. Published by Sheldon & Company, New York.

ALUMNI RECORD OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, MIDDLETOWN, CONN. Originally compiled by ORANGE JUDD, 1869. Revised by C. T. Winchester, W. N. Rice and G. Brown Goode, 1873.

☞ The estate of the late Oakes Ames, according to an inventory filed in the Probate Office at Taunton, Mass., amounts to $5,754 254, of which $285,000 is real and $5,468,754 personal. His interest in the works at North Easton is not included; it is contingent, and cannot now be ascertained.

A Critical Season.—Toward the close of the warm season the long-continued heat begins to tell upon body and mind. Both become exhausted, and we feel instinctively that nature, after fighting a gallant battle with a debilitating temperature, is drooping at last, and requires to be stimulated and reinforced. This, therefore, is a period of the year when a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is especially useful. The immediate effect of this unequalled vegetable restorative is to strengthen the stomach, sharpen the appetite, tone and regulate the bowels, and give steadiness and vigor to the nerves. As a preventive of the endemic and epidemic complaints that prevail at this season, and as a remedy for indigestion, liver disturbances, nervous debility, constipation, languor, headache, and all irregularities of the bowels, this pure and wholesome vegetable tonic and alterative has no equal among medicines.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

nov3-tf

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 9, 1873.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $8.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy of THE POST *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to the order of the Saturday Evening Post*.

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are cautioned to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

A SUMMER HUMBUG.

Summer itself is a humbug, on general principles. It's an intolerable nuisance. Of course we know what the Lord made it for—to ripen the corn, wheat and potatoes, and to give His ungrateful children blue-grass butter, but if it were not for the thought that we'd all starve to death, only for summer, I don't know how there would be any enduring it. In winter—ah! then I live. No flies to drive me frantic with their impish dancing over my hands and face, no musquitoes to forage their living off my distracted flesh and blood, no vile moths to eat furs and things, no snakes to bite a body's unwary ankles, and above all and before all, no horrible caterpillars to get on the back of one's neck with their hideous woolly bodies, and cut their impish capers, and make one's nerves jump out of his skin with horror. I'm not timid, and I don't encourage my nerves, Heaven forbid! but I'd rather have almost anything on my back than a woolly caterpillar. I'd—yes, I would too—I'd rather have snakes in my boots than a caterpillar on the back of my neck. They are the bane of my summer existence, are caterpillars. And I find ten new kinds of 'em every summer. We have a beautiful little white walnut-tree in our yard. We like that tree very much, with its pretty, fragrant leaves, and graceful branches. It makes us think of the dear, happy country where we lived when we were young ones.

Last Sunday we happened to perceive a queer white streak, like a very long, slim-tailed comet, extending along the body of our pretty walnut-tree, from nearly to the bottom, up quite to the top. We saw it was some sort of live thing, and at first we thought it was all one snake, the great sea monster, or something. But we looked closer, and found it was about a million hundred thousand new kind of caterpillars. You never saw such a sight as that was! If the like of those caterpillars had been sent on Pharaoh, he'd have let the children of Israel go in ten seconds. The ugliest brutes, they were, nearly as large as your little finger, with dull, black bodies, thinly covered with white bristles. They had horns too, and red noses, and awful, blinky eyes. We had no means of ascertaining whether it was a caterpillar funeral or wedding. To this day we don't know the object of the meeting. Where did they come from? We don't know. But we broke Sunday in a hurry, that day, I tell you, and executed capital punishment on all that host we could reach. It wasn't much use, though. Enough escaped us to strip out the whole top of our pretty walnut-tree. It's as bare as in winter, and the diabolical worms are dropping upon our heads and backs and all over the grass and flowers. More than that, every one of those pesky caterpillars will turn into a moth, and every moth will be the mother and father of a million more worms with horns and red noses and blinky eyes, all ready for next summer. I never saw caterpillars climb a tree that way before, did you?

I believe I've the premium caterpillars of the universe in my yard. I have those which will gnaw through a geranium stalk like a rat. I've seen 'em do it, and they weren't half gnawing, either. Put 'em on their mettle, and I'm satisfied they could gnaw through an oak tree. Nay, more, come to think of it, I wouldn't be afraid to wager you your false teeth, that these caterpillars of mine could go through a boarding-house beefsteak. I've got 'em trained.

But that wasn't the summer humbug I meant. It's a particularly loud summer nuisance, to be sure, but it's a loathsome reality, therefore not a particular humbug.

I meant to remark that I wondered what on earth made people so crazy as to go strolling off over the world on pleasure-trips, in the midst of the broiling hot weather. Pleasure, forsooth! About as much pleasure as putting on a pair of tight boots and walking five miles to see one's self hung, just about. Summer-trips are a relic of barbarism not yet extinct. I believe they can be traced back to the old Indian summer hunting raids. For who but a barbarian and a lunatic besides, in the hot of summer, when all nature and revelation indicate that it's a person's blessed privilege to stay at home and not wear much clothes, and drink ice-water and be cool and comfortable, would pack up forty changes of raiment and tramp off to a huddled-up, wretched hotel, and dress four times a day?

Why, the very travelling in the cars itself is enough to kill anybody this weather. If you leave the car-windows open, innumerable cinders pile in and insinuate themselves under your eyelids and put your eyes out—impenetrable volumes of inky black smoke, like Vesuvius on the rampage, pour out of the locomotive and into your ears, and down your throat, and the intolerable, choking dust floats in along with the rest, and finishes what the smoke and cinders have left of you. If you shut the windows to keep the smoke and dust out, then you just naturally melt down in your boots with the heat, saying nothing of being poisoned with a whole car-load of bad breaths, and jammed to death by the fat fool who is scrouged in next you. Purgatory isn't a circumstance to it. Travelling for pleasure indeed! If I wanted to visit an absolutely fiendish punishment on the worst enemy I have in the world—it's that pesky old fellow who said that if I was his wife, he'd take me off and shut me up in a log-cabin in the wilderness, and make me stop writing, likewise stop my infernal meddling with men's business, (I'd like to see him or any other man try it once!)—I say if I wanted to visit a perfectly fiendish punishment on the ugly bald-head of this pesky old fellow, I'd set him to an eternal travelling in the cars in hot weather. Wouldn't I wear him out, though?

Smoke is unconsumed fuel. Why on earth then doesn't somebody invent a smoke consumer and put it on the steam-cars? He'd make his fortune in three weeks' time, and gain the blessings of tortured humanity besides. I'd do it myself, only unfortunately I can't invent anything. I can't even invent a lie.

There is one summer trip which I suppose might be endurable, only for the drawbacks. That is the trip around the great lakes, wherein going to bed nights isn't invariably like going into a sweat-box, they say. But fashionables have spoilt all that for plain people long ago, with their tiresome "good society," and their diabolical dressing. A plainly-dressed woman can't for her life help feeling mean and shabby in a crowd where all but herself are decked out like peacocks, and I don't care how strong-minded she is. So that a woman who is not rich or a women who does not choose to torment her life out through hot weather, with loads of uncomfortable dry-goods, has no choice but to stay at home. Or suppose she goes off to some country farm-house. It's just as hot there as anywhere else, with greasy pork and "snap beans" to eat, and not a single one of those comforts which mitigate hot weather in the city. No ice, no ice-cream, no iced lemonade, no lemon ices, and no nothing.

No, my friends; let us preserve our senses and stay at home during those months which are hot enough to broil a martyr upon a gridiron. Let us sprinkle the porch and pavement, close the shutters and make it cool and dark, and dress ourselves thin and light as possible, once a day. Let us do the work we are obliged to do, and sip lemon ices the rest of the time. And, by and by, in the pleasant autumn, when the shadow of coming winter has gently toned down the dry, hot, brilliant atmosphere of this America of ours, and the fall rains have settled the dust, and delicious fall fruits are all ripe, and things in general are decent, let us then go and take our pleasure trip. Because spring and fall are the only endurable times to picnic and take pleasure trips, in this American climate and country.

ZIG.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

MANNERS OF OUR CHILDREN.

We are constantly hearing complaints of the ill-manners, insubordination, and intrusiveness of the children of the period; and they are not made by worn-out old maids, or crusty old bachelors; but by persons of good nature, and those whose parental instincts are still at their height.

We are exceedingly fond of children; but we cannot profess any liking or admiration for those who exercise their crabbish propensities upon all occasions, and in all places.

No matter whether it is in a hotel, street or rail-car, steamboat or private house, we are greatly disturbed by the untamed, undisciplined, rude juveniles of our country.

The paterfamilias of the day seems to consider his robust, smart, pert, contumacious child, as wonderfully clever. He will tell you with a satisfied smirk that "it is Young America, and must be played out; his spirits are a little boisterous perhaps; but children must be children, and he wouldn't have his boy like some boys he knows of."

And this after the child has ridden astride of your parasol until he has broken off its top; has split off the hinge of your card-case, and strewn its contents all over the carpet; and has snatched away your hand kerchief, rolled it up in a tight ball, and thrown it up on the top of the looking-glass. But all this is nothing! no, indeed! "merely the effervescence of an exuberance of spirits which must not be repressed," although the unrestrained exhibition of it may lead the boy to the race-course—the betting-book—the billiard-saloon and the wine-cup, and in the end—to ruin for both himself and his fond but foolish parents.

After making a call, with a friend, at a house where a similar scene to that which we have related was enacted, the lady said:

"It is a perfect nuisance to have such children brought into the parlor; and parents who possess such little animals, should put a sign upon their doors of 'bears, monkeys and lions kept within;' so that timid ladies, suffering from weak nerves, can know what the prospect is before they enter the house."

Now, how is it possible that intelligent and refined men and women *can* allow their children to become such prodigious nuisances, and not endeavor to govern or restrain them in the least degree? Surely, it is no kindness to their offspring which dictates such a course, but rather an indolent disposition, and a desire to please rather than to train them, and make them tractable and agreeable to all. A day of reckoning is surely coming, however, when an account will be rendered, which will doubtless prove most appalling to many families.

"An epidemic of crime" is now blackening the fair proportions of our country; every mail brings us shocking accounts of the fruits of lawless, unbridled passions—the effects of the fearful lack of discipline in our midst.

Fond parent, look at the little boy at your knee, and tremble, lest when he is old he will follow the example set by so many of our youths!

To be sure, it is easier for you to let him enjoy himself now—to take no heed when he says, "*I won't*" and "*I will*"—but, perhaps, those terms will have a frightful significance to you in years to come. The docility of a child depends much upon its manners; if you teach him to speak kindly—to act courteously, to mind directly, he learns early to yield to the dictates of your superior mind and education; but if you allow him to set them all at naught—to be perfectly lawless in his youth, what can you expect from him?

Children must be taught a deferential demeanor toward their elders and superiors—*must learn* that there are rules and laws which cannot be set at defiance; but must be listened to and obeyed.

French nurses are good for young children, for there is an innate politeness in their race, and instead of the phrases "*I sha'n't*," "*I won't*," "*I can't*," one hears the more polite words—

"*Excusez moi, s'il vous plait*," or "*C'est impossible*;" while "*Je vous remercie*," is constantly upon their tongues in return for the slightest favor or service rendered.

American mothers must take heed to the manners of their children as well as to their morals if they desire them to become the staff and comfort of their old age.

Children can be taught to be well-bred, docile, gentle, winning and lovable, as well as to be ill bred, rough, rude, or unbearable to every one who comes in contact with them; and it should be to every parent a

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing heart."

This should also be a mother's and father's ambition, and they should not permit any occupations, any duties, any cares to come in conflict with such a task. We, of this world, are forced to reap what we sow; and if we let the foul and noxious weeds choke out the fair growth and prospects of the tender lives committed to our charge, the sin is ours; and what we have sown in thoughtlessness and heedlessness, we shall surely reap in bitter tears, aching hearts, and perhaps in disgrace and shame.

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

TENDER AND TRUE.

He stole from its nest in my golden lash
A knot of ribbon blue;
He placed on my hands a jewel rare,
And whispered soft as he held it there—
Tender and true—adieu! adieu!

The almond was bending with blossoms white;
The rose blushed through the dew;
The violet smiled in the glowing light,
And Life was happy and Hope was bright.
Tender and true—adieu! adieu!

They brought my soldier home to me,
And my knot of ribbon blue;
But the cruel wound on the brow was hid
By the flag draped over the coffin lid.
Tender and true—adieu! adieu!

The almond flowers in the breeze shake,
The roses still blush through the dew;
But the springing of Hope will never awake,
And the one love heart will wail till it break.
Tender and true—adieu! adieu!

AN EXPLODED HOBBY.

BY GLEN CAROL.

Among the many hobbies which masculine brains are constantly devising, is one which although ridden long and valiantly, is now becoming balky—worn out with much service—in short (slang forever), upon its "last legs!" It has been a fixed fact in the mind of man, for some odd centuries, that woman's first duty to herself, friends and family, is a thorough and complete knowledge of kitchen work in all its details, great and small. It is immaterial that her tastes, talents and inclinations do not lead her kitchen-ward—that the dream of her heart is to become a painter or a poet—a sculptor or a musician; a matter of small moment, that while she makes a poor cook, and an indifferent housekeeper, she might, with half of the opportunity forced upon her in learning distasteful occupations, startle the world of music, art or literature, and win, by voice, hand or pen, name, fame and "filthy lucre," enough to set her apart in a golden temple of her own, where she need never know the mysteries of the basement, nor anticipate the bill-of-fare. (I hold it as the height of all earthly enjoyment not to know what you are going to have for dinner, until you come to dine!)

How dare she prefer the ivory of the piano-keys to the shining ridges of the wash-board, or the tinkle of the spoons and forks circling in the dish-pan? Is it not a case of unparalleled depravity that she should reach every literary work of value within her reach, excepting the cook-book? And why she should choose to draw pictures instead of water, and make rhymes in place of bread, is a question past all speculation. But then women never know what is best for them! They are always searching after impossible things, and striving to attain the unattainable!

It is hard for you, no doubt, oh, men and brothers, to renounce the delusion cherished so long and fondly. We all know how hard a task it is to slay a pet idea! But who "can shun inevitable fate?" Not that we are to leave the kitchen deserted, and the meals to cook themselves; but let those women whose tastes are purely domestic, whose chief delight is in concocting toothsome viands, rule in the sphere to which they properly belong—they would be unhappy if removed from it—and to others who find not every soul-aspiration satisfied in contemplating the well-browned roast, or the long line of flaky pies, give the freedom longed for, and opportunity for perfecting themselves in the one gift or talent—I think we *all* have *one!*—they may claim as a birthright. Every woman is not a born cook or housemaid any more than every man is especially fitted for a gardener or a coachman. There is work enough for all in this world, and many different spheres to be filled, alike creditably and conscientiously. There is a niche for each in the world's great heart—and if your particular niche, my friend, happens to be a kitchen, and you like it, by all means stay there, and do your duty. And you, who have through much toiling reached the niche of safety and repose—yours by possession and by right—you who have won for yourself praise and power, who sit apart in a "golden temple" of your own building—be thankful that the chain of prejudice has been snapped in twain, and that there are other portals through which you may pass, to the utter exclusion of the kitchen-door!

THE *Boston Courier* of July 20th, takes about two-thirds of a column from Max Adeler's contributions to THE POST, without giving us credit. So soon after the great fire too!

We think of prosecuting some of these transgressors for a violation of our copyright before long.

NO LONGER FRIENDS.

BY B. W. P.

No longer friends? Well, let it be!
And yet a friend more true
You'll never know than I have been,
Might still have been to you.
But that must pass with other things,
And since your choice is plain,
Not one regret shall cloister round
A false and faithless name.
No—rather let me bless the hand
That aimed a steady blow—
Without an idle hour's respite
For time's vain, empty show.
I think I bear it better thus,
For pride makes sternly strong
The heart which never yet beat true
To cool and wilful wrong.
When first we met your gifts were great,
Fame, beauty, brightness, youth—
And in your eyes I thought I read
Heaven's sweetest language—truth.
I know that I was worthy then—
I know that still. Thus ends
A bankrupt faith—I yield to you,
Endorsed, "No longer friends."

Biographical Sketches.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Great discrimination in the choice of counsellors—the art of choosing the right man for the right place—was possessed by Queen Elizabeth in an eminent degree; and to her judicious exercise of this power, is probably owing England's great material progress during her reign. It is not surprising, then, that Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the most talented and accomplished men of his time, should have enjoyed the favor of the astute queen, and have fallen into disgrace with her successor, James I.—the "wisest fool in Europe," as the Duke of Sully named the British Solomon.

Walter Raleigh was born at Hayes, near the coast of Devon, in 1552. He was early sent to Oriel College, where he remained a short time. Although he highly appreciated the value of learning, and was no mean scholar himself, his adventurous mind preferred the stirring life of a soldier to the quiet existence of the savant. When he was about seventeen, he left Oxford to join a body of troops, raised by royal permission, for the assistance of the French Protestants. For political reasons Elizabeth persecuted the Catholics in England, and for the same reasons, she was determined that the French Government should not pursue a like course toward the Huguenots; and so Walter Raleigh, in company with one hundred volunteers, served in the army of the Prince of Condé, and afterward under the command of Admiral Coligni. At the age of twenty-four he returned to England, and soon after went to Holland with the large force which the queen sent into that country. The commander of this expedition was Sir John Norris.

Glowing accounts of the wealth and beauty of the almost unknown New World had floated across the ocean. With minds filled with these rumors, Raleigh and his step-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, prepared to sail for North America. Raleigh was adventurous but not unpractical; his dreams were not only of gold and conquest, but of colonization and tranquil life in the fair land over the sea. Through bad management this project failed. Other voyages were made under his direction, and a colony settled on the Eastern coast, which Raleigh had named Virginia in honor of the queen. The colonists endured terrible privations, and finally abandoned the place. During their stay, Virginia Dare, the first descendant of English parents in our country, was born.

During the continual struggles in Ireland, Raleigh's military talents were conspicuous. He gained a splendid reputation for bravery and experience. It is doubtful whether his services as a soldier or explorer would have gained him the distinguished honor he afterward enjoyed, had they not been backed by his talents as a courtier. The manner in which he was first introduced to the immediate notice of the queen, is related by Thomas Fuller in his History of the Worthies of England. This anecdote, which has become a matter of tradition, does not seem improbable when Raleigh's exquisite tact and Elizabeth's love of flattery, are taken into consideration.

"Captain Raleigh," says quaint, gossipy old Fuller, "coming out of Ireland to the English Court in good habit (his cloaths being then a considerable part of his estate), found the queen walking, where, meeting with a *plashy place*, she seemed to scruple going thereon. Presently Raleigh cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground, whereupon the queen trod gently, rewarding him afterward with many *suits* for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a foot-cloath." Further on, Fuller says: "Raleigh thus admitted to the Court, found some hopes of the queen's favors reflecting on him, and this made him write on a glass window obvious to the queen's eye, 'Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.' Her Majesty, either espying it or having been shown it, did underwrite, 'If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.'"

Her Majesty conferred on him the honor of knighthood, and soon after a patent to license the sale of wines through the kingdom. The latter was considered a great mark of favor. It is said that Sir Walter first introduced tobacco from Virginia into England. One of his biographers states that Sir Walter began to smoke the weed privately in his study. Once, when he was deeply engaged in smoking and studying, his servant entered with a tankard of ale and nutmeg, and seeing smoke issuing from Sir Walter's mouth, he fancied that his master was in a state of spontaneous combustion, so he threw the liquid into his face by way of extinguishing the fire. Oldys relates that on one occasion when Raleigh was conversing with the queen upon the wonderful properties of this new herb, he assured her that he could tell the exact weight of the smoke in any quantity consumed. The queen wagered that he could not do so. Raleigh then thoroughly smoked a certain quantity of them and weighed the ashes, thus showing the weight of the portion smoked. Her Majesty paid the sum wagered, remarking that she had heard of many who had turned their gold into smoke, but that Raleigh was the first that had turned his smoke into gold.

Jealousy was excited at court by the unusual favors bestowed on him. He was made Seneschal of the Duchies of Cornwall and Exeter, and Lord Warden of the Stanneries. For several years Philip of Spain had been preparing to invade England, and Raleigh was soon called to warmer work than that of bandying witty speeches with his royal mistress. Spain was then the most powerful nation in Europe, and when the splendid fleet—called by the Spaniards the Invincible Armada—came in sight of the English coast, the consternation in England was terrible: but the crisis came, the elements and all the mariners of England conspired against the power of Spain, and the remnant of the Armada sailed away—defeated. Raleigh was stationed at Plymouth, and although he contributed three or four ships to repel the invader, it is not certain that he took any part in the engagements.

Raleigh had fallen in love with Elizabeth Throgmorton, a maid of honor to the queen. This greatly incensed the royal lady, and both Sir Walter and the maid of honor were sent to the Tower. But the wily Sir Walter knew a sure way of touching the queen's heart. Although sixty years old, Elizabeth was immoderately fond of flattery. In a letter which he knew the queen would see, he wrote of his "broken heart" on not being allowed to see her; he compared her riding to Alexander's, her hunting to Diana's; "the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph," &c. This letter was read by the aged coquette, and the adroit flatterer obtained his release. He was soon after married to Mistress Throgmorton. But Queen Elizabeth objected to married favorites, and he was excluded from court. He started for Guiana to explore the Orinoco and discover the El Dorado. He found the former, but not the latter, and returned home after suffering great hardships. By exercising patience and good management, he at length succeeded in regaining Elizabeth's favor. It has been asserted that Raleigh counselled Cecil to put Essex out of the way. It is certain, however, that Raleigh bore that unfortunate earl no good will.

In January, 1602, Elizabeth died, and Raleigh's star set in darkness. Cecil, the man through whom Raleigh had wished to destroy Essex, was now suspected of poisoning King James's mind against him. If it were so, Cecil was successful. An absurd charge of high treason was brought against the former favorite. He was condemned to death, but his sentence was commuted. He was imprisoned with a short interruission, for fifteen years, and was finally beheaded. Lady Raleigh, who had been faithful to him through all his misfortunes, secured his head, had it embalmed, and preserved it until her death with pious reverence. Sir Walter was the author of a "History of the World," some passages in which have been declared to be unequalled except by Milton.

WAIT.

Wait, pretty one! The world is wide and cold,
And wild and dim, and strange its long roads be.
Wait while you may within the warm home-fold;
Wait, little golden head, at mother's knee.

Stay, little feet, that fain would hasten by
These sunny paths 'mid buttercups and brooks;
The hills are grand with towers that soar full high,
But warmer sunshine drifts your meadow nooks.

Wait, little hands, now drop your blossoms bright,
Striving to grasp the mysteries in time's fold;
Wait, little hands, for what you hold is light,
And, oh! so heavy what you fain would hold.

Wait, little one, while spring birds, silver clear,
Ring round your rosy way their notes of bliss,
Nor list at dreamland's door for song more dear;
There is no music sweeter, love, than this.

BILL.

BY ANNE L. FORCELLE.

Ralph Hazleton sat before the fire, his head bent forward on his breast, and a dark frown shading his hard, wrinkled face. He was alone—for, since the handsome boyish face and ringing voice which had been wont to lighten the gloom of the quiet house had gone, the old man had admitted no one else into his life, or heart.

Just three years ago he had looked his last upon the young fellow, whom, "for Amy's sake" at first, and then for his own sake, he had given the one warm place in his heart, and loved and cared for most tenderly. Just three years ago—and hard and stern as the old man was, he had missed him terribly—and to-night, sitting there with the gloom of the silent room settling down upon him thickly, he thought of "Rex" until the fire burned low and the "wee sma' hours" were at hand.

He wondered if Rex's wife (how strange it seemed to think of the boyish young fellow with a wife!)—was really as sweet and lovable as Rex—poor foolish boy!—had said: he wondered if Rex's home was a pleasant one—if Rex himself was happy. And then the old anger rose up in his heart that he, for whom he had cared so much, should have turned away from him for the sake of a stranger.

"You must choose between us," he had said on that last night, "and if you choose her—take her and never let me see your face again." And Rex, pale and proud, had turned away without a word, and left him.

That was three years ago—and since then there had come no word from the boy. He seemed to have dropped out of the world entirely—his name was never mentioned in his uncle's house; and his uncle seemed to grow sterner, harder, and more silent than ever, now that his cheerful influence was gone.

To-night, however, it had all come back again—and the old man, reading over and over the letter which he had received that day, said sternly to himself—"He chose between us. I'll never forgive *him*—but the child is not to blame." And the next day a letter was sent to Stockbridge, containing just these words:—

"'Willie' is sentimental—call the child 'Bill,' and I'll look out for it."

From that day Ralph Hazleton had an object in life—his money had a new value to him now, for "some day Bill would have the spending of it," and often, as he sat, apparently engaged in abstruse calculations, he was in reality thinking of "Bill" and "Bill's" future.

Not that he ever thought of him as a little child—no, indeed, he was too grim an old bachelor for that—it was always as a new edition of the old-time, gay, handsome, reckless Rex, that he thought of him. He had the old room brightened and kept in order with a vague idea of having the boy down some time during his holidays. But one time, just as he was on the point of sending for him a letter came from Rex, containing the information that the young hero was, for the time being, laid low with an attack of the measles, and so it was given up. "Boys are noisy," said Ralph. "I'll wait until he gets a little sobered down," but the months grew to years, and still, although Ralph Hazleton sent occasional checks to his nephew, accompanied, always, by two words, "For Bill," he had never seen him since the day he had quitted his house, nor had he seen the son for whom he was planning and working so earnestly.

To a busy, money-making man like Ralph Hazleton, the time passed quickly—every moment is so crowded—and it was not until an attack of sickness compelled a season of rest that he found an opportunity to think quietly, and then a sudden realization of the flight of time startled him.

"By all that's good!" he exclaimed one day during his convalescence, after a little process in mental arithmetic, "that boy is eighteen years old. Eighteen years old and buried in a little country town all this time! He'll not be a bit like his father if this goes on. Rex was city-bred, and though a little wild, was just the kind of a fellow that Bill ought to be. I'll send for the boy to-day—it's time he saw a little of the world." And that day a message was dispatched, containing these peremptory words, "Send Bill at once. Briggs will be at the depot."

Four days later, on a dreary, rainy morning, Ralph Hazleton sat awaiting the arrival of his young visitor. He knew he would come to-day, for Rex had sent word to that effect. The train was due. Briggs had gone to the station, and Ralph Hazleton was nervous—actually nervous.

It had occurred to him at this late moment that perhaps Bill was not exactly as he had imagined him. Perhaps he was not like Rex at all—children do not always resemble their parents. Perhaps he was awkward, conceited and disagreeable.

Ralph groaned in spirit. "If he's a donkey," said he, savagely, "I'll send him back to-night!" And then there was a sound of a carriage stopping at the door, a little rustle and confusion in the hall, and then Briggs appeared at the door.

"Has he come?" demanded the impatient gentleman. "Is he like his father? Where is he? You impudent old raven, why don't you answer me?"

Briggs's ordinarily solemn visage was lightened by a grim smile—his eyes twinkled, and he coughed deprecatingly. "The young person—" he began, but his master interrupted him fiercely.

"Who taught you to call my relatives 'persons?' Say gentleman, or leave the house."

"The young gentleman," said Briggs—"if I must say so—which I don't wish to, sir—"

Ralph choked with anger. "Why in the—" he commenced, but Briggs hastened to condense his information into two words.

"Is here," and departed hastily.

There was a rustle in the hall, a little tap at the door, and then it swung open, and on the threshold stood—with Rex's blue eyes and golden hair, with Rex's merry smile and with all Rex's beauty, only softened and refined into a sweet, girlish loveliness—a young lady—blushing, and with a shy appeal in her face which went straight to Ralph's heart, grim old bachelor as he was.

"If you please, sir," said the intruder, dropping a low curtsey and smiling up at him bewitchingly, "I am Wilhelmina Elliott, otherwise Bill;" and then (as looking at the radiant vision he saw the little anxious shadow in the blue eyes, he forgot to be disappointed or to mourn over the old illusion, but with one word of welcome he opened wide his arms and took the new-comer to his heart.

"You see when your first letter came—about calling me Bill—father laughed at the joke and let it go on, until at last, he almost dreaded to tell you of the mistake when he found that you were so earnest about it, explained Willie (or "Bill," as her uncle called her still)—and so it went on until your last letter, then he sent me to tell you all about it. He never meant to deceive you—he never used a penny of the money you sent, but he thought that you might some day be reconciled to him. He has missed you so. He has told us so much of you, and the old days in this great house, and he wants to see you so much. If you are so very disappointed because I am a girl—there's a boy at home—my brother Rex, and you can love him instead of me." But "Bill's" place was never taken—not even by handsome "Brother Rex."

It was she, who, by her loving ways and gentle pleadings broke down the barrier of pride, which had separated him from his nephew for so long, and it was she, who, in a flutter of happiness, accompanied him down to Stockbridge shortly after.

From that day "Uncle Ralph's" worldliness and hardness melted away, the sunny sweetness of his favorite seemed to dissipate the clouds which had hung around him for so long. The genial home atmosphere at Stockbridge seemed to change him greatly; he grew to consider "Mrs. Rex" as the most charming woman in the world: the children were all marvellous, and Rex was "a lucky fellow" in every sense of the word.

The great house in town was no longer silent and dreary, for after a while the family at Stockbridge came there to live.

"I am an old man," said Ralph, "and I have few friends, and those I want near me," and so they came.

Rex, junior, was a fine, handsome lad. Amy and Fanny were dear, little girls, but the one best beloved in all the family circle by Uncle Ralph, was the sweet-faced girl who had come to him that dreary morning and brought into his life so much happiness and peace, gentle, loving, golden-haired "Bill."

The Secret of Dress.

The great mistake made by many ladies is that of spending a large sum of money on one or two very handsome *toilettes*, intended for dressy occasions, and by this means not only rendering these dresses so expensive that they are rarely worn, and then in "fear and trembling," thus becoming old-fashioned before half-worn out, but at the same time so curtailing the sum set aside for *toilette* purposes that all the other articles of dress have to suffer. This is a mistake never made by the true *Parisienne*; she, on the contrary, pays particular attention to the dresses for every-day wear, and seen by every one, and thus, while spending far less, appears always well-dressed, to the utter eclipse of those who do not happen to have on their "best dresses." This is exemplified even in so small an article as a fan. The foreigner or provincial will have one very handsome fan for grand occasions; the *Parisienne* will buy several for less money, and, of course, not so handsome, but of different colors assorted to her *toilette*, and giving her a far more elegantly finished appearance than the lady who is forced to use the same fan, whatever color or style her dress may be.

Caution to Bathers.

Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal. Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration: but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing naked on the banks or in boats, after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water, but leave it immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach; but the young and those who are weak had better bathe three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness and faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser.

A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

BY MARK BRYAN.

My heart to a sweet unrest beats time to a beautiful tune,
While the glory of the night—the light of a radiant moon—
Perfume, blossoms and sky, seem pulsing the selfsame strain,
Repeating its passion and love, its melody over again.

Oh, the golden lilies are all a-bloom; roses nod in the breeze;
Purple-eyed pansies sad and sweet grow faint by the lilac trees;
And over it all the moonlight folds its hands so white,
Crowning the softness and beauty, the grace of the summer's night.

While through the purple shadows one face shines like a star,
With smile so sweet and tender, blessing me from afar;
And, with fond tears down-dropping, my trembling lips repeat—
"God in His loving care will keep my dove—my sweet!"

THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XXX.

KATE MOWBRAY.

Cecil Mordaunt gave many hours of the next day to reflection on his own conduct and that of the signorina. In the first place, now all the *prestige* of place and manner and beauty was gone, now that the charms of her loveliness, and power swayed him no longer, he was puzzled to know what infatuation had led him to reveal so much of his inner life and passionate hopes to an utter stranger.

Then came the second question—why was she so interested in the matter? By no possible sophistry of his very honest and straightforward heart could he be led to believe in the accomplished *prima donna* having committed the supreme folly of taking, at thirty-seven or eight, a liking to a boy of nineteen. She was far above any such silliness, which really should be called by a much stronger name. Then must her feelings be directed in some mysterious way toward the girl of his heart.

A new question arose with him. Should it prove she had any interest in the being whom above all he loved, which way would lie her sympathies—for or against him? And he resolved, in the interest of his future love, to have this matter settled beyond a doubt before he entered upon any more explanations.

He little knew what he had undertaken—a simple cornet of the guards contending, despite his long pedigree, against a *prima donna*. Pure and virtuous as such women often are, what a vast amount of experience of the world they must have passed through!

On the present day he had little opportunity for action, less for reflection. In the first place, he rose late, and after a breakfast which broke very much upon the hours of luncheon, rode out upon the downs with his father and Captain Arundell, for whom his worthy parent appeared to entertain a regard as strange as it was sudden.

After this there was the return home and the very serious question of dressing for dinner, which took of the toilet was none the more pleasant to Cecil that it was in honor of a young lady whose good qualities and virtues had once or twice been rather energetically urged upon him by his father—more than a dozen times by his lady mother.

Now, unless in very rare and scarcely modern instances, to cry up a woman unto a young man as the perfection of all that is lovely and beautiful is just the way to rouse his sense of antagonism.

Let a young girl speak for herself; not in words, but in the more silent charms of beauty and loveliness and that exquisite power impossible to define which reaches to the very heart through channels other than the ear.

Grace and innocence, and a beaming, truthful eye, are far more powerful than any eloquence of words.

Still, Lady Blanche Mordaunt had not seriously alarmed Cecil, so that he rather looked upon the meeting with Kate Mowbray—or rather the Honorable Miss Katherine Mowbray—as a bore than otherwise.

It is not easy to describe a beautiful English girl of the more refined order of loveliness. There is something so elegant, so graceful, consisting neither in feature nor form, which is felt rather than seen, that when we have lavished no end of words we are nearly as far from a perfect word-picture as ever.

Katherine Mowbray was tall, slight, and beyond comparison graceful. In the first blush of young womanhood her form was rather frail than otherwise, so that she bent more than perhaps she might in a month or two more. Her face was pale and aristocratic: her forehead that sweet medium between high and low which divides the true gentlewoman from the weaker-minded girl and the strong-minded blue-stocking; her ears, small and pink, were, with her hands, the perfection of aristocratic loveliness.

Her mind, as yet plastic and pliable, had received more than ordinary culture; and this might be seen in the very expression of her blue, piercing eyes.

Both received a favorable impression when introduced shortly before dinner. Cecil thought her quite the model of what a young lady ought to be, but did not love her a bit the more for all that, while Kate thought that if Cecil were not quite so timid he would be positively delightful. When, seated beside her at dinner, he began to converse in a pleasant, sensible kind of way, Kate was, to say the least, surprised, as her experience of very young men, and especially young "officers," was anything but favorable to their intellects.

But Cecil spoke without awkwardness—and without striving for effect, which so very often spoils every natural gift. He was, therefore, pleasant and interesting—so much so, that Kate cast off all timidity, and spoke with him merrily and unaffectedly, in a way that went very far to satisfy the wishes of the elders.

Captain Arundell contrived to occupy Lady Blanche, while the two country gentlemen—the lord and the baronet—found ample topics in regard to agriculture and politics, which are the staple subjects of discourse among all owners of the soil.

Mothers have a freemasonry of their own as well as other people, and when Lady Mordaunt rose to leave the gentlemen, easily conveyed her wish to Cecil that he should join them, as soon as possible, in the drawing-room.

Cecil was nothing loth, as even Captain Arundell joined his elders in an earnest discussion on some point of social foibles, about which the younger officer neither knew nor cared anything

He found his mother and Kate Mowbray conversing over a cup of tea.

"Now you are a good boy," said Blanche, when he entered, "and deserve your coffee. Kate, will you be kind enough to give him a cup, and then, instead of keeping company with an old woman, let me hear how you have got on with your music? Cecil will show you where the piano is."

And Cecil did very gallantly, and put out all the latest and most fashionable music, turning over the leaves with great devotion, and conversing between whiles on some of the topics which had interested them at dinner-time.

After awhile the interest in the music slackened, as it naturally will when two young people find something to talk about which is more agreeable—at all events, to one of them. The window of the music-room overlooked the sea, on which the moon was shining with marvellous brightness.

It was, in fact, such an evening as, though not denied to our variable climate, was rare in its calm and beauty.

They rose from near the piano, and went to look out. The moon fell in one long path of silvery glory on the placid waves, and for a moment they gazed at it in silence.

Kate Mowbray then, half-unconsciously, uttered some magnificent verses applicable to the occasion, to which Cecil listened with quite a new interest.

To him it was as the awakening of a new life, like the blind child-poetess discovering a new world, as she thought, when Pope was first read to her.

At this moment a small party on horseback came slowly up; there was only a gentleman and a young lady, with a servant at a distance behind. The young lady was a little in the rear of the gentleman, and as she came in front of the balcony, in which stood Kate and Cecil, looked up, and the latter recognized the pale, ghostly face, as it seemed in that light, of Maud Meriton.

"How beautiful!" whispered Kate.

The young man made no reply, being, to all appearance, wrapped in his own thoughts, which he was, for one look in the other's face had told him that the recognition was mutual. Maud knew him at once, he was convinced.

How would she explain to herself the thoroughly lover-like character of the scene she gazed at?

Cecil became thoughtful. Kate gradually ceased talking, and then Lady Blanche, with motherly forethought, summoned them in out of the night air.

The young lady and her father shortly after left. Cecil went out with the captain, and it did not appear that any very notable progress had been made in the scheme which occupied the thoughts of the elder—none, to judge from the proceedings of Cecil.

Leaving Captain Arundell, who, finding him dull company, was not sorry to part with him, he hurried up in the direction of the house occupied by Maud and her father.

From the old ivy seat he could make out the glimmer of a light in an upper chamber—one of the best in the house—and when a figure passed once or twice between the lamp and the blind, he had little difficulty in making out something that seemed like the profile of Maud Meriton.

This set his heart beating wildly, nor did he retire until the light disappeared, and the whole house relapsed into darkness.

He then, with a vague hope that she had been thinking of him, went home to rest—or, rather, to dream the greater part of the night of his mysterious love.

Not much of a prospect for the Hon. Miss Katherine Mowbray.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MESSAGE.

The next day was an eventful one for Cecil. His mother contrived to secure him for a call upon Lord Lovell, which, as they were cordially welcomed, took up a large portion of the morning. Cecil saw with a kind of agony that he was booked for a considerable stay, which would not only prevent his keeping his promise to the actress, but control also his freedom of action with regard to Maud.

Though the how and when were not yet decided on, he had resolved to seek an interview with her—an interview which should obtain for him, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that he was not indifferent to her, and then another with her father, in which he would seek an explanation of the repulsion he showed toward him.

Love is both blind and sanguine. Any consideration of the views entertained by Sir Vincent and Lady Blanche faded from view under the maddening influence of passion—of passion that neither thinks nor reasons.

It was nearly two when Cecil found himself alone, and free to ride round to the signorina's hotel, where he, however, found his excuses readily accepted.

"What news?" asked the actress, as soon as they were alone.

"I saw her last night, riding in company with her father," replied Cecil; "more I cannot say at present."

"Riding with her father, openly?" said the actress, in a tone of incredulity.

"Yes."

"Merciful heaven! is this just? Young man, do you hope to have speech of her again?" cried the lady, earnestly.

"I do. Such is my one thought—my earnest supplication," was the lover's eager reply.

"Cecil Mordaunt, I know much more of you and yours than you think for. I may prove a friend or an enemy to you at will. Though there are reasons which should sway against your being anything to this young girl, yet will I give you a fair chance and a fair hearing, if it be in my power, on certain conditions."

"You, madam? Have you aught to say to her?"

"Yes. My secret is one no man or woman on earth suspects—is one that wild horses shall not tear from me; but if you will vow solemnly to obey my injunctions, will solemnly swear to respect my mystery, I will put in your power a weapon no one else could use to enable you to have converse with her."

"Madam, as I believe you would do nothing cruel and unjust, command me," cried the astonished youth.

"Your intentions toward this girl are manly and honorable?" she asked, earnestly.

"Madam, you insult me by such a doubt. Maud Meriton shall be my wife, if Heaven hear my prayer. My friends may object to her obscure birth, but even that shall not stay me."

"Her birth is better than your own, boy—far better. Then, will you solemnly engage to do nothing without my consent and guidance?"

Cecil hastily gave the required promise.

"And now you will never, without my leave, under any circumstances, reveal to the man who calls himself her father, my share in anything that may happen—never reveal to him my existence? On your salvation, you will consider my wishes sacred as the sepulchre of the dead?" she cried.

Cecil again gave the required promise.

"And now," she said, in a calmer voice, "let us take luncheon, and then I will explain by what magic spell I propose to assist you."

Cecil, considerably puzzled and anxious, took his luncheon—and in a few minutes found himself alone, sipping his wine.

Presently Lucilla della Rocca returned with a small note in her hand, which she gave to him.

"Cecil Mordaunt, on your honor as a gentleman, whenever you see Maud Meriton, give this to her; and, without consulting your own feelings, bring me the instant answer. Remember, I burn for it as impatiently as any lover—go!"

And, as if unable to bear any questioning, she hurried him away, in all probability judging that he would not be long without striving to deliver her message. He little suspected what a jesuitical part she was playing toward him.

She was right. The moment Cecil left the hotel he took a fly in the direction of the shop where he had left his hat and cloak, which, having resumed, he strolled up in the direction of the secluded residence.

But this time he did not even approach the front—having discovered a pathway that led to the fields behind the garden, where he fondly hoped his beautiful mistress might occasionally walk, in which case he was determined to address her without a moment's hesitation.

There was no wall at this extremity of the garden, only a tolerably thick hedge overlooked in one place by a mound that probably belonged to, or had belonged to, the garden itself, as there was a seat under a tree and a gate opening at that very spot.

The gate Cecil at once discovered did not close; and the young man, quite overcome with expectancy and emotion, seated himself. He scarcely hoped that on this first occasion he should be successful; but he determined to have patience and await the hour when propitious fate should be on his side.

One thing was greatly in his favor, and that was the seclusion and beauty of the garden itself, which was kept in beautiful order and shaded by numerous trees of every variety and shape.

There is a special providence, we suppose, for lovers; as Cecil had not been more than half an hour watching from his vantage ground when he saw her coming slowly along the pathway, a straw hat concealing her features, a book in one hand.

He drew back in a state of anxiety that only those who have been placed in a similar position can comprehend. Should she only change her mind, his opportunity was lost perhaps forever.

But on she came, and presently he saw her pass the gate, and with a slow and measured step reach the seat, on which she seated herself wearily.

At the same moment, hat in hand, in a state of mental confusion that for a moment closed his lips, the young adventurer of Teddington stood before her.

She rose as if in anger and alarm.

"Maud! I mean Miss Meriton, pray pardon this intrusion; but I have been so unhappy since you went away, and I have not seen you—that I am sure you will accord me five minutes."

She couldn't have refused him if she would, for as he spoke she sank back in lovely confusion on the bench. Cecil at once took his seat close beside her.

"Miss Meriton, I had hoped your father would have judged me better, would have allowed me to visit and see you before he turned me from his door. I am sure that my gratitude for your great kindness is only equalled by my great affection. Why, then, does your father shun me, forbid me your house?"

"My father makes no friends; he is strange, not happy, and will see none that he knows not. He has suffered much."

"And so would make others suffer," cried Cecil, quite delighted to get on debatable ground. "Miss Meriton, I am a soldier and a gentleman of high lineage, and I may say frankly, not one to be spurned without a cause. Why does your father, then, reject all proffers on my part? If I could but speak to him, plead my cause—"

A faint smile crossed the lips of the young girl.

"You recall me to myself," he said, with a burning blush upon his cheeks. "I forget; you may be intended for some one else, and may approve your father's choice."

"My father has made no choice for me; neither will he—he is all that is good and excellent; but he will wish me to see a little of the world, and sift, as he says, the true pearls from the false, ere I decide."

"You move in no society—are mewed up as in a convent," cried Cecil.

"I shall not be long. My father hopes and trusts that our great trials are coming to an end; indeed, for my sake, he will shake off a mode of life which is against my interests and happiness, and then we shall move in society as others do."

"And you will be glad? Alas! you may meet with many wiser, better, handsomer—but, Maud Meriton, you will never meet with one to love, to adore you as I do," and as he spoke, he took her hand.

"I don't know; I have seen no one. You are very good to take so much interest in a little girl—but am I to believe you?"

"My darling, I cannot change. While watched over by you tenderly and kindly when ill, my fate was sealed. I loved once and forever; and when you fled under the charge of your father, I did not resign myself to my fate. I resolved, at any cost, even that of my commission, to discover you. I came down to Brighton, at the wish of my father and mother, and by great good fortune got upon your track; and now that I have done so, is my discovery to be a curse or a blessing?"

"What would you have me say? I never saw any one who pleased me better—but you know that I am but a girl."

"A bright and beautiful one. Oh, Maud! say that, at least, with the consent of those who have a right to guide you, you will be mine. Say but that, and I will have patience; I will win yor father's respect, if not his love—and win him, too, to say that his daughter shall choose for herself in the great event of her life."

"If—if—you could get my father's consent," stammered the agitated girl, "I would not stand in the way."

"Maud! Maud!" he cried, "answer me the one question on which hangs my life. Do you love me?"

What Maud said exactly was never known, but Cecil appeared quite satisfied; and so there was silence for the space of a minute or two, during which the young gentleman's arm was certainly round the young lady's waist, and her head in close proximity to his. Further this deponent saith not.

Suddenly the remembrance of the Signorina Lucilla crossed his mind, and with a blush for his own remissness, he drew forth her letter.

"I have promised to give you this," he said, gently; "and I must fulfil my promise."

"A letter for me?"

"Yes; and from one who takes great interest in your proceedings."

And he moved a little on one side to allow her to read the letter without interruption.

He was not away more than five minutes, and when he returned she sat on the seat, pale and trembling, the very image of perplexity and astonishment.

"Have you heard painful news?" he asked, eagerly.

"I can say nothing. The contents of this letter amaze and bewilder me; the news it conveys is so wild and incredible, so utterly opposed to what I have believed all my life, that it seems to me I have but dreamed until now. And yet it reads like truth. Would indeed that it were!"

"Can I do anything for you?"

"You will see the writer—"

"Yes—at once, if it pleases you."

"Do. I shall be so grateful. You must bring me the answer, too. I will await it here to-night—"

"To-night?"

"Yes; on this very spot. Let my words be—if the letter contains a blessed truth—let the writer come; if it be a mockery, stay away. It were too cruel to deceive me—in one—in anything."

"I may know nothing?"

"Nothing at present," was the blushing reply. "If it is sufficient the writer seems your friend, and if the contents of the letter prove true, will be a powerful one indeed. Can it be possible—am I to believe such wild, such incredible happiness?"

"If what you expect be a blessing, Heaven grant it be true, no matter how it may influence myself. One moment more—"

"Not an instant!" she replied, tenderly but firmly. "She who waits will not rest until you return."

And so they parted—Cecil somewhat relieved in mind, Maud Meriton in such a whirl of excitement as had never before fallen to her share during the brief space of her life.

The announcement, however, was so unreal, so improbable, that she scarcely knew what to think, but returned to the house in a state of perplexity which was scarcely to be borne.

She had no one to advise with or consult, for the communication she had received, strictly forbade her from sharing the news with any living soul.

Cecil wasted no time, but returned to the hotel where Signor and Signorina della Rocca were located, to announce the result of his embassy.

The signorina received him with feverish impatience. Her cheeks burned, her eyes were as flaming coals, her whole appearance as of one who was on the rack.

"Well!" she cried.

"I have seen her, and brought her answer."

"Has she read my letter, and not come?" gasped the actress.

"Alone with me?" he said, rather sharply.

"True! true! But what said she?" she continued.

As far as she was concerned, Cecil made a correct reply; but he said nothing whatever of what had passed between himself and Maud.

"To-night—eleven o'clock—why not before?" she cried.

"I suppose it will be difficult for her to be alone before," replied Cecil; "your interview is to be secret."

"Secret and silent as the grave!" she answered.

"What hour shall I call for you?" he continued. "I must take you to her—"

"Come at ten—it will be early enough; I shall have a carriage ready," said the actress, and she and the young man parted—he to dine, very much against his will, with Lord Lovell, where he was compelled by the etiquette of society to say very many agreeable things to Kate Mowbray, which she by no means was displeased with.

Kate was no fool, and Cecil was both clever and agreeable. Still, she was not in love.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

If there was one thing more than another which Sir Vincent Mordaunt rejoiced over on becoming wealthy and independent, it was to have rid himself of the harpy-like stewardship of Newcome Twist. This worthy, when settled with, and forced to accept reasonable arrangements, was completely thrown overboard. All the good things of the Mordaunt estates were taken out of his hands, and he was driven back upon his old trade of an attorney, in which profession, provided a man be industrious and unscrupulous, he can always contrive, somehow or other, to scrape together a living.

Still, for many years clients had been shy; and, though Newcome Twist never knew what it was to refuse a job, however dirty, and was rising in the world, it was not with that rapidity which he either expected or wished. Still he had saved money, and hence, in the eyes of nine-tenths of the community, was a respectable man—the vulgar, that is, the majority in every class, having no other standard of merit.

His domestic partner was long since dead, while the lovely Amy, who was to have been Lady Vincent Mordaunt, was now the wife of a small attorney in the city, with a moderate income and a large family.

All Newcome Twist's plans, then, had failed, and he remained a very discontented, snarling man of law, his whole soul absorbed in business, his grasping mind ever dreaming of some way by which to gain wealth and position.

At this period, shortly before the events last recorded in this narrative, a small, neat, and respectable legal business came into the market, and was purchased by Newcome of the widow. The name of the deceased firm was Duckett: and so very much respected had been the lawyer of that name that Newcome Twist moved into the chambers of his predecessor, merely putting the word Twist (late) above the word Duckett, in very small letters.

Now, habit is a great thing. Men who had employed Duckett for years were not likely to change, and Twist, being pliable and wary, and striving to satisfy his new class of clients, was likely to keep up the greater part of the connection, which was certainly a very good thing for the ex-steward and manager of the estates of Sir Vincent Mordaunt.

His first task was to secure himself in his new quarters, send round a neat and civil circular to all his clients, and then to sit down and examine into the class of business he should have to do.

For this purpose a general overhauling of papers was necessary. Nothing was more agreeable to Newcome Twist than this sort of occupation. Other men's secrets were always a matter of great delight and satisfaction to him, and he pored over the dusty parchments, packets, and letters with a greedy avidity quite remarkable.

Nothing for a long time, however, rewarded his search, and it was only when, at last, he alighted on a document bearing the name of Haldane on the outside, that Newcome Twist grew interested.

The name of Haldane was connected with that of the Mordaunt family. John Haldane had married the elder of two sisters, the second mysteriously disappearing.

The paper referred to this in various ways. The facts, as known to the reader, were all laid forth with the elaborateness of a brief, and deeply interested the lawyer.

All this was amusing, but did not promise any profit; and the lawyer would have laid the whole aside but that another document presently caught his eye.

This document contained elaborate instructions to discover when and where Mary, the sister to John Haldane's wife, had been married to Vincent Mordaunt, heir to Sir Hugh. The marriage was known to have been a private one, but believed to have been perfectly legal, while a male heir was afterward born.

"*Mem*—*Discover if the said Mary Mordaunt be dead; if so, the date.*"

"So, my fine fellow," said Newcome Twist, in a savage and exulting tone, "all those years ago—quite thirty—you were married, and had a male heir—just when I thought my Amy might marry and give children to the great house. But that is all past and gone, and Blanche Bellisle is now Lady Mordaunt. Is! But, only fancy, now, if these memos mean anything, and Sir Vincent's first wife should be alive, or the heir even! Heavens! I would give a year of my life—anything absurd and impossible—to discover something that would give him to me heels and hoof. To retort his insolence, to punish him through his son—that were rare sport—nay, it were retaliation, not revenge!"

And Newcome Twist walked about his den in Clifford's Inn as if in an ecstasy of delight. True, he knew nothing; but he had a clue, and, as a hound will follow the track of the fox from the faintest scent, so he would strive to follow up the slight hint of evidence he had so strangely come into possession of, and use it as a means of future vengeance—or gain, whispered his more greedy and grasping instincts.

But now arose the question as to the expense of the affair. The lawyer was not a man to spend a halfpenny unnecessarily.

How, however, could anything of the kind be carried on without money?

Would it not, perhaps, be better for him to give up all idea of retaliation, and obtain a heavy sum in cash? But how was it to be brought about?

While this very thought was passing through his mind a ring came to the office door, and the boy, without delay, announced that Mr. John Haldane wished to speak with him.

Pale with excitement, the lawyer closed the tin case upon the documents he had been examining, and requested Mr. John Haldane to be shown in.

He was a tall and erect personage, with white hair and beard, but very little over fifty years of age in appearance. He was ripe and mellow, but not old, while his whole mien and manner was that of a man of action.

"Will you take a chair?" said Newcome Twist. "One of my late lamented Duckett's clients?"

"Yes. Duckett was consulted by me some years ago; but, as all he could do for me has long since been done, I have called, hearing of his death, to withdraw all my papers."

"What papers, sir? I suppose I am to understand that you withdraw your confidence from our office?"

"My business, at all events."

"Well, sir, of course, every man has a right to do as he likes, and, though thankful for business, it's not my custom to cringe or beg for it. I will look over the papers again; at present, they appear to me to interest Sir Vincent Mordaunt more than they do you, sir."

"So," said the other, with a cold and unhesitating sneer, "you have read the papers and think they have a market value. You are mistaken. They are of no more use to you or Sir Vincent than so much rubbish—so much waste paper. Still," he added, fixing his eyes keenly on the other, "if they were destroyed, to prevent them from being examined out of idle curiosity, I would not mind five pounds."

"My goodness! Recollect that you are in a respectable lawyer's office; that you are proposing to destroy documents which may or may not be of legal value. Who do you take me for, sir?"

"For Newcome Twist, one of the best known pettifoggers in the city of London. Do with the papers what you please; I shall offer no more—try Sir Vincent."

And the impetuous John Haldane—better known as Balthazar to our readers, from his strange connection with the gypsies—of which more at a future time—hurriedly left the office.

He was always wild and impetuous, both in good and evil, as his marriage, with all its consequences, and then his junction with the gypsies, proved; and now, when a matter of importance to most of the characters was broached, he forbore, from excitability and irritability, to see to the full letter of the pettifogger's knowledge.

"So there is a secret, which may be painful, or disagreeable, or both, and hence, valuable? Well, if I only frighten him, it will be something. I wonder where he is? I must send Bolter for the loan of a *Morning Post*—well, no; I must go and take a chop at Tom's," mused the sagacious Newcome Twist, as he hurried into his coat and hat and went forth.

The *Morning Post* was duly conned, and the position of Sir Vincent Mordaunt discovered, after which he returned to his chambers, packed up a small black bag with sundry trifles, chiefly law books, and that very evening went down to Brighton third-class.

He knew nothing—had no evidence—no proof; but he wished, at all events, to lay a train which ultimately might explode, either with advantage to himself or injury to others.

The conduct of Balthazar, or John Haldane, puzzled him. This person was notoriously the enemy of Sir Vincent Mordaunt. The story of his thrashing him when he refused to fight the other, because of his low birth, was well known; but if he knew anything to damage the baronet, why had he not acted long ago?

This was a difficulty which the lawyer could not very easily get over. If his sister-in-law had been the wife of Vincent Mordaunt—if she had given him a son, why was it not proclaimed to the world? Had the baronet bought him over?

The idea was within the bounds of possibility. Nothing is impossible to money—at all events, such was the creed of Newcome Twist.

John Haldane was evidently well off—had all the appearance of a gentleman, and this, of itself, looked suspicious.

If his predecessor had made all the inquiries alluded to in these memorandums, why was it that he had found no draft of the report? Such things were usually preserved, unless, indeed, there had been a motive for destroying them. In that case, not the faintest clue would be left behind.

But an advertisement in the daily press, headed to parish clerks, was often wonderfully productive of rapid results. They appear often and in a good many papers at times, but then something must be done to explain the charges.

On reaching Brighton the lawyer went to a small inn, determined to stay a day or two and watch. If, like a spider, he could make a web and catch a fly or two, so much the better.

The next day he went out for a stroll to look about him, and find out the locality of the baronet's residence. This done, he walked toward the better parts of the town, and took his way exactly along the road where most of the fashionable people passed.

He did not see Sir Vincent, but he gazed with absolute wonder when he saw John Haldane ride along the parade in company with one of the most brilliantly-beautiful women he had ever seen—a perfect dark Hebe of five and twenty.

By their side was a handsome man of about thirty, also dark and manly, who conversed with the lady in a calm and pleasant way, quite brotherly.

The attorney drew on one side in a thoughtful kind of way. The face of this gentleman seemed familiar to him, and yet for the life of him he could not tell where.

But he had seen enough to set him scheming and plotting, and so he retired to his dark and gloomy-looking inn to enjoy a tough steak and a glass or two of queer ale and more than doubtful brandy.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN ELOPEMENT.

Meanwhile Sir Vincent Mordaunt, as utterly oblivious of the past as if it never had been, and, despite much of his old selfishness and character, elevated into a superior being by his great love for his only son, was rejoicing over the prospect of the future.

The rent-roll was unincumbered now. In various ways money had fallen to himself or wife that cleared off everything; so he had the command of a large income without a single drawback.

Cecil hitherto had not, to their knowledge, gone one penny beyond his income, which in a family so notoriously spendthrift, was something truly extraordinary—and it was a nervous fear of this family failing breaking forth which made the father readily accede to his wife's idea of early marriage for his only son.

He had no desire to give him a wife at once, but only to know that one was selected, and waiting only for the appropriate time to become his.

Everything appeared to go merry as a marriage bell, and for the moment the husband and wife were proud and contented.

Had they have known of the presence of Newcome Twist in Brighton, with an idea of his errand, had been aware of Cecil's visits to the famous *prima donna*, and his clandestine engagement to his Teddington savior, they would have felt very differently.

That Cecil went out and left them appeared natural. He was a man, held her Majesty's commission, and was bound to act in all things as a man, which he could not do if tied to the family dining-table.

On the evening when the explanation took place between Cecil and Maud, the former left the hospitable residence of the Lovells at an early hour, excusing himself to Kate in a way that almost made her laugh—it was so deprecatory.

"Heigho!" she muttered, "Cornet Cecil Mordaunt and the Honorable Kate Mowbray will never hit it, as my old uncle used to say. I can't say I'm in deep distress on the point, though he's a nice, pleasant fellow, and one I should end by liking. These planned matches never come to any good. See how glad he is to get away from me! Poor fellow—it's a shame to make him do penance daily. Still I don't give him up; and if he behaves himself, I will try and like him after all."

Kate Mowbray for the present need not have troubled herself. Cecil was entranced, and the witchery of the siren held him firmly in her sway.

He had no thought for any save Maud—the first woman he had loved—a girl without name or family, mixed up in some strange mystery, which, to say the least, was not very clear or satisfactory.

At a quarter to ten he was at the hotel. Before the door was stationed a carriage, from which, as he approached, a hand and head protruded.

"Will you ride outside, Cecil, and guide the coachman?" said the soft voice of the opera-singer.

Cecil obeyed without hesitation, only too glad to approach once more the spot which was that becoming the one holy spot on earth to him; so fervid and romantic is youthful imagination.

The night was dark, the moon having not yet risen, and the coach had to go slowly.

It was not far from eleven when they reached the end of the lane where the coach was to wait, and the lady, alighting hurriedly, leaned upon the young man's arm with a force that sufficiently indicated her agitation.

They approached the spot where the interview was to take place, and saw something white standing on the hillock.

"Wait," said Cecil, and bounded away to greet the agitated and trembling girl.

"Has she come?"

"Yes, darling; but do not be alarmed. She is herself as much agitated as you are."

The opera-singer approached, and stood near them.

"Leave us, Cecil," she said, in a low, commanding voice; "go! I shall not want you to see me home.

"But—"

"Go, my friend! A child is safe with the mother who adores her."

And she clasped the amazed Maud to her wildly-beating heart.

Cecil stood utterly speechless for a moment, and then retired. This was worse than all! A tradesman—a humble family—anything might be got over; but this great scandal, never! Daughter of an Italian opera-singer—of one who played for hire—it was too great a blow.

To say the truth, after the first great shock, Cecil himself, thinking of her own manifold perfections, felt not the slightest fear or hesitation. It was the certainty which came over him that his parents would spurn the very thought that caused him unutterable agony.

How he got home that night he never knew. Next morning, after a hasty bachelor's breakfast, he called round at the hotel.

The Signorina Lucilla had left on the preceding night at ten o'clock, all her luggage having gone before.

A horrible presentiment flashed through his mind. Had he been unwittingly an accomplice in some mysterious and painful elopement?

Without the slightest hesitation, he dashed up in the direction of the secluded residence, and found the door open and a domestic standing looking about him with great uneasiness.

"Mr. Meriton at home?" said Cecil, hastily.

"No, sir; expected home to-night."

"Miss Meriton?"

"Well, sir, she, and Miss Jenny and Dick the coachman be all gone; the young lady went last night, and Dick and Jenny be gone this morning. I don't expect any on 'em back."

"I will leave my card," said the young officer.

Then he walked away, utterly stunned. Maud Meriton had fled with a strange foreign woman on the strength of her bare assertion that she was her mother.

But the signorina was known—he would follow her. He would seek her, and compel her to give an account of this audacious elopement.

He never thought of blaming Maud, so blind we are to the defects of those we love.

On his return to the hotel he found a letter for himself from the opera-singer.

"My friend, thank you; I have found my child. She is very young yet, and does not know her own mind, but keep your promises to me, and I may probably keep mine. Know nothing if you come face to face with her father, which, as he plays many parts, is not unlikely. Maud is satisfied of my truth and honesty. If, however, you love name, race, and blood, before truth and purity, give her up at once, for whatever she may be—child of prince or peasant—she is still the daughter of the OPERA-SINGER."

This was a confirmation of the young man's worst fears in one sense, though the tone somewhat calmed him, after all, when he came to reflect.

He had no idea of coming face to face with her father. Surely, unless there were something very wrong, she would not leave him on the first blush.

Truly there was something in the name of mother which did convey weight with it, and he could almost excuse Maud for choosing so fascinating a one.

But what was to be done now? What was Brighton to him when she had taken her departure?

Still he could not at once declare to his parents his desire to leave, so he lounged round in the hope, as many have done before him, of something turning up.

As the next day he was looking sullenly out upon the salt sea waves an open carriage went by. His father gave a startled cry.

"Surely that is never Hubert Treherne Mordaunt in that fantastic equipage, with that pale boy near him, more like a corsair than a Christian?"

"That is Hubert Mordaunt—what is left of him," replied Lady Blanche.

"Strange that the desertion of a wife, who left him everything in her power, should so have changed him. But for the family likeness, I should not have known him."

"Family likeness!" thought the astonished Cecil. "Is not that Mr. Meriton?" No—no, impossible! This man is a hard, cruel, selfish voluptuary, without a sense of mercy or feeling in his disposition."

He looked after him.

"Should that man be Maud's father, Heaven preserve me!" thought the young officer, with a shudder, "for then I understand—"

And the still more terrible dread came upon him that the girl of his love was not born in wedlock.

Every moment some new thought came upon him, each worse than the last.

Next day he found it impossible to bear any longer the anxiety and suspense. Captain Arundell, now that he really wanted a confidant, he confided in no longer; he suffered the sullen and painful canker of doubt and jealousy to eat into his very vitals.

He accordingly announced his intention of going up to town for a couple of days.

To his great surprise, the baronet made no attempt to detain him. He was unusually grave and thoughtful, and spoke most kindly to Cecil. Lady Blanche was equally kind.

He took leave of them with some little of wonder in his thoughts, and that evening was spent at his London club.

Next morning he received a letter bidding him not return to Brighton.

This is what had happened.

On the very morning of his departure his father and mother had been at breakfast rather late. They had been indulging in reminiscences of the past, and were speaking with considerable anxiety of their only son, the pride of their joint lives.

Lady Mordaunt frankly confessed that she did not believe much in the success of her scheme with regard to the Hon. Kate Mowbray.

"Marriages arranged beforehand seldom succeed," said Sir Vincent Mordaunt.

"Ours was a little bit of family arrangement," replied Lady Blanche, a little archly.

"My dear, you were and are an angel, stepping in just in time to save a reprobate," observed the baronet, eagerly. "But, a truce to joking, my dear. It is my firm belief, from sad experience, that your views with regard to Cecil are at present quite inopportune, and that he has what is called, in mild terms, an entanglement."

"Vincent, what do you mean?" cried the alarmed and astonished mother.

"I don't mean anything incorrect, or out of the way," continued the baronet; "but just one of those fancies a young man does not confide either to his father or his mother. Of course I am not certain, but this is my conviction and belief."

"You make me sad, Vincent dear; but I suppose it is the fate of all parents. They nurture their young hopeful, they fondle him, they are up to a certain age the repository of his joys and sorrows, and then—"

"Mr. Newcome Twist to see Sir Vincent," said a domestic, entering.

The baronet started, turned pale, looking very much as if he had been alarmed by the sudden cry of a screech-owl.

"*On important business,*" was scrawled upon a card.

"Show him in," replied the baronet, mechanically.

"Shall I leave you?" asked Lady Blanche.

"No. I shall forget myself with this scoundrel if you leave me," he answered.

As he spoke the old lawyer came into the room, bowing and scraping, but with a malicious grin playing round his mouth that alarmed the baronet.

"Glad to see you looking so well, Sir Vincent," he said, bending low. "I hope you will excuse this intrusion."

"I am glad you own it is an intrusion."

"Private business—very delicate private business—suited to your ear alone."

"Stay, my dear," said the baronet, sternly; "I have no secrets from my wife. Whatever you have to say, must be spoken in her presence."

"I have to speak of your first wife."

Lady Mordaunt blanched and trembled violently; but the gentle tone of her husband's reply calmed her, at all events, in manner.

"A poor girl I married in my flighty days before I knew you—and who died very young. What of her, sir?"

"I have discovered in the papers of Mr. Duckett, whose business I have bought, a document which indicates that you had—have—a son by that lady, who is your lawful heir."

"Dead, sir. How dare you come here to insult me and mine? My good, kind friend, your intentions are excellent, no doubt; but will not pay. My first wife died abroad in obscurity, as did her son. Go, and never darken my doors again!"

"Sir Vincent, your most obedient. I go, but recollect that I shall return with your eldest son and heir. You will not make terms—we shall see what he will do."

And, snapping his fingers when at a fair distance from the baronet, he went out, leaving Sir Vincent and his wife amazed and indignant.

"Oh, my poor Cecil!"

"My dear, do not be alarmed at anything this pettifogger says. My poor wife and boy died long ago in Belgium. It was a foolish affair altogether, and, having happened so long before I knew you, was never mentioned."

"But the man is not only malicious but positive," she answered.

"That he will try some villainy—that he will seek to put some heir upon us—I grant. But have no fear, at the worst your fortune and all my savings will go to Cecil; and now let us drive, and to-morrow return to London. I must consult a first-class lawyer, and oppose cunning and deceit by honesty and truth."

Thus it was that Cecil received a letter bidding him not return to Brighton.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 41.)

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," "MARK JARRETT'S DAISY," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

REUNITED.

Was it a dream—a sweet, luxurious, fascinating dream into which Etheline had fallen, at the close of a long, weary, toilsome day at her machine? She mentally asked herself this question as she became conscious that she was reclining on a downy bed, the appointments of which were princely in their magnificence; that she was in a sleeping-chamber, spacious, light, and exquisitely furnished, and decorated with a fairy-like elegance. The draperies were of India muslin and pale damask silks; the toilet arrangements, the tables, the couches, the chairs were more tasteful and beautiful than any she had ever before seen, and if she were not in her dream an Eastern princess, in a palace of Oriental splendor, then—what had happened?

She lay motionless, and scarce breathed, but her eyes roamed in all directions. They settled on the various objects of luxury and *curtu* for a moment, and then wandered wonderingly to others—to everything that met their gaze—until they came back to the bed on which she was lying.

Was it a dream? Could a dream be so lifelike? She touched the bedclothes, her arms; she pressed her fingers upon her eyelids, closing them tightly, and opened them only to see the same beautiful and valuable adornments about her as she had seen them a minute before.

She felt a strange languor, a curious powerlessness, as though she were just recovering from a prostrating illness, but her brain was unclouded, and in another moment she had realized that she was not dreaming but waking, that she was in an apartment wholly new and strange to her, and that she had been brought thither she knew not how.

But at the same moment she felt the necessity of solving the enigma in which she was playing so prominent a part, and also perceived the importance of working out the solution without the least delay.

In whose grand and beautiful mansion was she, and how had she been brought hither? Her mind went back to the past, the immediate past to her, and then a cold thrill ran through her veins, for she remembered that Lollie had returned home with a flushed face, beaming eyes, and a handful of bank-notes, then that her mother and the woman Tracy had suddenly appeared and carried her off by force, that Mrs. Sydney, her ruthless Fate, had followed them, that she had once more claimed her—and then she remembered no more.

Alas! the recollection of the appearance of the woman born Anne Marchmont at once furnished her with a clue to the owner of the palace to which she had been transferred, and she conjectured instantly that she was again in the power and under the control of Cleveland Dysart.

An expression of terror passed over her features. Again and again she peered anxiously around the room, darting her eyes into every nook and corner, with a horrible presentiment that in one of them she should behold his brilliant eyes gleaming at her like two red stars.

She discovered no eyes; she could not see an object anywhere having life. She held her breath to listen, but not a sound met her ear. The stillness, for the first time noticed, had something oppressive in it. She tried to rise up in bed, but found that her great weakness rendered it a task of difficulty.

Desperation, however, will impart strength even to the all but inanimate, and, with an effort, she was standing upon a thick, soft, long-haired mat at the bedside, and gazing anxiously in search of her habiliments.

She observed them lying neatly folded up upon an easy-chair, a short distance from her, and she attired herself with a celerity which was something remarkable, considering the feebleness she had felt when she first tried to rise from her recumbent position. She seemed, however, to gain strength, and she went on bravely until she had completed her toilet.

This having been successfully and without interruption accomplished, the desire to escape, which from the moment she had arrived at a sense of her position occupied her mind, urged her to make the attempt, without pausing to reflect or devise how she should manage it, or whither she should go. It mattered not to her how she contrived it, whither she went, so that she removed herself from the influence of Cleveland Dysart. Any position of penury and toil would be preferable to the evil which she dreaded from him.

Besides, before the time came round for the flowers to bloom again, she felt assured she would be sleeping peacefully beneath them, beyond his reach or the misery which the woman who had reared her threatened to inflict upon her.

There was no covering for her head or her shoulders, but she thought little of that.

She proceeded with a light, noiseless step to a door that was not completely closed, and she pressed it softly and slowly back, so that she could ascertain whither it led, and not as circumstances might direct. It opened into another room, and she stepped over the threshold, but hastily drew back, for, seated at a table, with writing materials before her, was a lady.

Her footsteps had not been so soundless nor her movements so imperceptible as not to attract attention, for in another second she found herself drawn into the apartment, enclosed in a passionate embrace, and almost stifled with caresses, to which she not only did not respond, but from which, with all her remaining strength, she strove to extricate herself.

Then came a sobbing sound in her ear, quivering, scarcely articulate enunciations; yet they were only too vividly distinct, and they made her flesh crawl and creep, and a wish that seemed to daze her as it passed through her mind that she had died ere this moment had arrived.

And the voice murmured, between convulsive catches of the breath—

"My child—my darling—my beloved child! Mine—mine at last! Restored to this bruised heart! At last mine—mine again; never to be parted more!"

How cold she felt! She thought she should swoon.

"Release me," she gasped. "I pray you to release me."

She wrenched herself out of the fond arms which encircled her, tottered to a chair, and sinking on to it, buried her face in her hands.

It was the Viscountess Hastingleigh—it was her mother who had caught her in her arms, who had pressed her to her heart, and who now beheld her retreating, recoiling from her with a despairing agony which appeared to become unendurable.

She cast herself at her daughter's feet. She drew her hands from before her eyes, to see them filled with scalding tears—to see upon the young, fair, lovely face an expression of aversion that extorted from her a wail of exquisite anguish.

"My child! my Etheline! shrink not from me. I am your mother," she cried, in accents of passionate earnestness. "Discard all you have heard of me from venal lips. I do not deserve that you, my child, should shrink with signs of antipathy from me. I have been wronged far more than I have wronged, but were I a guilty creature, still I am your mother, and not to be disclaimed, shunned by you. I know that you have suffered greatly, but I have endured—oh, so much endured, hoping for this hour to come, to find you, my darling, within reach of my fond arms, my heart. Look upon me—read in my face all the traces of the care, the woe, the misery I have undergone. Suspend your belief in what you have been told until you have heard me. Remember still that I am your mother, oh, my Etheline, and that my life has been a living death, parted from you. Look on me, my child. I thought not to have to plead to you; be not you, like all the world, merciless to me."

All the while she was thus entreating Emeline looked at her wan face through her misty veil of tears, and each moment it looked more and more to her like a face which at times had bent over her in her dreams—a face that was the vision of a far-off memory—the face of her whom, until of late, she had so yearned and so often secretly prayed that the chance of seeing it, of kissing it, clinging to it, might one day be accorded to her.

And so, when the last words of the viscountess faded into a quivering sob, the instincts of nature predominated over every other feeling, and she flung her arms about her mother's neck, mingled her tears with hers, and cried—

"My own, my darling mamma—at last! I have lived in hope. The Lord *has* heard me. This cherished hope is realized at last!"

It was some days before Etheline was really strong enough to quit her bedchamber, though, as we have seen, she made a resolute attempt to do it when she thought herself to be in the power of Cleveland Dysart, even though it cost her her life. But she recovered health and strength rapidly, for all her toil and care to support herself, even to merely sustain life, had come to an end, and she knew herself to be removed above that source of trial and solicitude, even if there were others left behind.

By the time she was able to mix in the world again, she had heard from the lips of the viscountess all that she had to tell her. She omitted nothing from the history of her apparent attachment to Cleveland Dysart; explained that the influence of his gaze had trammelled and subdued her, independent of her real inclinings or the promptings of her heart, and that the incidents which had attended and followed the unhappy and grave fault of meeting him clandestinely, with the purpose of giving him a history of the circumstances which had made her the wife of another, and of bidding him farewell forever, had awakened her to the knowledge that she had been, as it were, entranced by him, but that it was not love.

She told the story of her wandering for days, a crazed creature, in the woods surrounding Hastingleigh Court—how Anne Marchmont one night discovered her, captured her, and kept her a prisoner for years, and that when she had recovered her reason and had escaped, to learn that it had been given to the world that she had perished in attempting to cross the Stepping-Stones on a stormy night, that she had entrusted the secret of her being still alive to some members of her family who were people of rank and wealth, and she was waiting for the time to come when she should be able to prove to the satisfaction of her husband her innocence of the crime he attributed to her, and resume her place in his household and in the world as his wife.

Her friends had been aiding her cause, and now that Etheline was restored to her she expressed her belief that the time was not far distant when the clouds which had overspread them for so long a period would pass away, and they should spend the remainder of their lives in loving affection together.

"I knew not that I loved your father until I lost him," she pursued, with emotional earnestness. "I love him still, and shall while I live, and, despite all that has passed, I have faith in the impression that I still reign supreme in his heart."

"Ever his Queen!" ejaculated Etheline, involuntarily, while a sudden and brilliant blush overspread her features, although Lady Hastingleigh did not observe it.

Then Etheline told her story, and all that she had suffered, except the passage about Mr. Athol—that she kept for the future.

She knew herself now to be his equal in birth, and almost in rank, and she knew that when he came back he would seek her. The proud Duke of Glenlyon would then have no objection to accept her as a daughter, albeit she had been only a "work-girl." And how honestly and nobly he had proved his love for her when she had only herself to bestow on him! What unspeakable transport it would give her to present to him her hand, with her heart in it, when she could add to them noble birth and a handsome dowry.

So she kept that passage in her life for the *bonne bouche* of the time to come, and related everything else to her mother which the reader knows, in a way to bring many tears from her already over-taxed eyelids.

Yet the happiness of this reunion seemed quickly to compensate them for much of the misery they had undergone. They required not the proofs which old Sydney had furnished to prove they were mother and daughter. Even if the resemblance had been less startling than it was, there were instincts and impulses which nature supplied which assured them of the close tie which bound them together, and they were never weary of sitting side by side with clasped hands, looking into each other's eyes.

There yet remained, however, the meeting and the reunion with the Marquis of St. Leonards to be accomplished. Old Sydney, who had made a vow to "swear off" from indulgence in alcohol, and had serious thoughts of becoming a Good Templar, and an imbiber of water pure and unadulterated if he could get it, had in accordance with his promise supplied the marquis with sufficiently-corroborated testimony, which convinced him that Cleveland Dysart could not have kept any secret assignation with the viscountess, even if he had proposed it. He also stated that he had got his wife, Anne, in such a vice that she had consented to give up her schemes of future vengeance, to reveal the plot by which she kept the viscountess in confinement during her lunacy, and, indeed, everything she had done to defame her purity in the estimation of her husband, and keep her apart from him, if she were only permitted to betake herself to a foreign land where she could pass the remainder of her days unmolested by either of her husbands, and in the pursuit of a devotional life—if she felt so inclined.

Old Sydney's first work, however, had been to re-unite the mother and child, and that he had achieved; the accidental meeting with Alan May, whom, like his wife, he had known in his youth, had enabled him to obtain a power over her, such as perhaps nothing short of bigamy would have given him. It now only remained for an interview between his Anne and the marquis to be arranged to take place in his presence that he might act as an aid to memory, and then it seemed all the rest would be plain sailing.

It need hardly be told that when the marquis had followed the viscountess in Hastingleigh Court, under the impression that she was Anne Sydney, she had eluded his pursuit, and that he had not seen her, as he thought, again until he beheld her in the great conservatory of the Horticultural Gardens, in attendance on his daughter and the villain Cleveland Dysart; still then he would have sought an interview with her, but to his amazement and really agonized rage, he beheld Etheline's place taken by his wife. After the first ebullition of maddening fury had subsided, he discarded all the feeling in her favor which had been stealing by degrees into his mind, and blindly committed himself to the one purpose of wiping out the stain upon his honor in the blood of Cleveland Dysart.

Therefore, when Sydney had effected the arrangement which brought his wife Anne before the marquis, with an affectation of meek humility, he listened to her penitential revelations with an aspect of marble. He heard how, being in constant attendance on the viscountess from the moment of her arrival at Hastingleigh Court on her return from her honeymoon trip until the night of her flight, she was in a position to prove that she had never had an interview with Cleveland Dysart until the night in the Hermit's Dell. After that she told how, when she found Lady Hastingleigh did not return, she went in search of her, under the impression that she had seen her wandering one night distracted near the Stepping-Stones. Instead, floating among some weeds near the edge of the bank of the river, she discovered the body of her sister Lydia. She dragged her out, carried her to her mother's hut in the wood, and tried to resuscitate her in vain. When returning in the night to Hastingleigh Court, she discovered Lady Hastingleigh in a fainting, worn condition, babbling and gibbering—unmistakably insane; then the thought occurred to her that, as a separation between the husband and wife would certainly take place if she returned to Hastingleigh Court, she might secure the person of the viscountess, and contrive to palm off the dead body of Lydia as the viscountess; and she who had, as she believed, a right to be the viscountess, would at least sleep in the tomb in which she would have been laid if the viscount had acted honorably toward her and married her. She carried out her plan with entire success. The rest was a simple history with which the reader is already acquainted, and to which the marquis refused to listen.

Nor did he make any comment, as Sydney expected and hoped he would, upon what the old valet considered to be the triumphant establishment of Lady Hastingleigh's innocence; but he said, coldly, to the woman Anne—

"I am now convinced that your lady was not drowned in the Earl's Pool. I know that on that night the man Dysart escaped too, and went to India, that he remained there many years, that he has returned, and that I saw the person who was your lady standing by his side in a public garden. Give me the history of their succeeding intimacy."

Anne Sydney remained silent.

"She cannot, my lord," returned Sydney, with a significant movement of his head. "She knows no more about that than you do—eh, my Anne? Tell the truth, because *I* know it, and I desire for your sake you should be truthful. You do not know."

"I do not know," returned Anne, in her throat. "I saw her only then—and not since."

"Good!" ejaculated Sydney; but he saw a flash of his wife's eye and a shrug of the shoulders, directed to the marquis, and which it was plain he observed, for a strange smile passed over his features.

"And the young creature her daughter," he pursued, with a curling lip.

"And yours," instantly supplemented Sydney. "Oh, Anne will tell you her history, and tell it truthfully. I know every incident of it; but Anne will tell it so much better than I can, and you, my lord marquis, will believe Anne. The truth in this—especially in this, oh! my Anne. One word of falsity, one hint or insinuation to sully a reputation as pure, clear, transparent as a glacier peak, one sentence to wrongfully defame that spotless creature, and I shall prove as inexorable as an iron door in a cell, as pitiless as you have been, as immovable as a granite rock."

Anne, again affecting humility, with downcast eyes, related the main incidents of Etheline's life, and a history of her association with Cleveland Dysart, the strange influence he had wielded over her, and her dread and abhorrence of him which had urged her to secure the first opportunity to escape from him, and enter upon a life of toil and privation, in preference to sharing with him as his wife a home and surroundings of luxurious magnificence.

Old Sydney supplemented her story by stating how he had rescued Etheline from the clutches of the woman before them, and had borne her senseless to the residence of her mother, from whom she had been so long parted, and with whom she was now residing.

The marquis started when he heard the last communication, and then to old Sydney's dismay he said to him, in cold, distant tones—

"I know all now. I've heard all I wished to know. Your labors in this affair shall be liberally compensated; but let me not hear another word from either of you on the subject."

With that he turned away, and quitted the room with a mien which told plainly enough to the man who knew him that further discussion on the subject was at an end.

"But only for a time," thought old Sydney, pressing his closed hands to his chest. "I have lived for the purpose of seeing that sweet child, Etheline, restored to her rights, a queen in her home, and I can't give up the ghost until I do. Come, sweet Anne, we have not finished our task yet. When we have we will achieve our parting, and then parting will be such sweet sorrow. Come along, Anne!"

Anne professed humble obedience to his commands, but she resolved to look about for an opportunity to effect her escape, for she knew that Cleveland Dysart yet lived, like herself, for revenge, and she determined to proffer her services to him the moment she could, by affecting to acquiesce in any arrangement with her husband, relieve herself of his shackles. For more than ever she hated the marquis, more still his unhappy wife, and yet more virulently Etheline.

The marquis had said that he had learned all he wished to know; but this was not the fact, or rather, he would have been glad to learn what he had come to know. That there had been love passages between his wife and Cleveland Dysart before his introduction to her he was only too well aware; that seemed to infer that Cleveland had been her first love, and she had therefore no place in her heart for him when she accepted his hand.

"But for that, I would have forgiven and forgotten everything; but he was her first love—and he lives," he muttered again and again to himself, as he took his way to the mansion of a noble friend, where he had assented to meet a clergyman of high position, anxious, as he understood, to urge the claims of an applicant to an appointment within his gift. He had granted the request almost as a matter of course, and he proceeded to keep the engagement because it was one of the few matters brought before him which would for a time divert his thoughts from one all-absorbing, all-engrossing, distracting theme upon which his mind dwelt incessantly.

He was not prepared to meet face to face the Honorable and Reverend Mr. Stanley, who was a relation, and for whom he entertained as profound a reverence as a high esteem. He knew that his position in the church had been won even more by his pure and sincere religious and sanctified life than by his remarkable ability as an expounder of Gospel truths. He was less prepared for the subject which the Reverend Mr. Stanley, with the briefest preface, introduced to him, and the claims which he urged with a force and eloquence the Marquis of St. Leonards found to be overpowering.

He had known Etheline, daughter of Lord Pawlett, from her girlhood, especially prior to her marriage with the Viscount Hastingleigh, and he was the first to whom she appealed, when, escaping from the den in which she had been confined, she made her way to London.

He had provided her with an asylum, and furnished her with the means to carry out her cherished purpose of discovering her daughter, and effecting a reunion with her husband. He was able to assure him, in convincing language, that she had led a blameless, though most unhappy, life since their separation; and he was enabled to recount to him all that had ensued, when, unbidden, and by crafty artifice, Cleveland Dysart had forced his way into her presence, in the dwelling which for some lengthened period had been her secret home.

Slowly, emphatically, solemnly he recounted what had passed between them at that interview. How Cleveland had reproached her for being but too pure, too true, and loving a wife; how in indignant terms he repudiated having injured the honor of the marquis, because she had so effectually deprived him of all opportunity of doing so, and acknowledged that the fault she had committed in granting him a clandestine meeting was committed out of pure sentimental sympathy for what she imagined he had been suffering on her account. That it had been her weak impression that she should explain to him satisfactorily the circumstances which had led to her marriage with another, bid him farewell forever, and so forget that he had ever lived.

Then, yet more solemnly and impressively, he repeated what the viscountess at the last interview had, with unequivocal and intense earnestness, declared to Cleveland, that she had never loved him, that he had wielded over her a mysterious power which has been attributed to an electro-magnetism possessed by various human beings, and for a time it had enthralled her—but that separation, absence, and rigid searching self-examination had enabled her to discover beyond the remotest possibility of a doubt that it was the influence of an evil eye, and that alone, which for a time had subdued her, and not love.

That she had loved but once—that she still loved—and that the object of her love was her husband.

With a groan the marquis buried his face in his hands, bowed his frame, and sat convulsed with emotion.

"Do you believe, St. Leonards, the story I have told you, the truthfulness of the explanations, and the history I have given you as I have known them to be, or shall I sanctify it by my oath?" exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Stanley, in tones that thrilled him.

"Not for worlds," murmured the marquis, with quivering lips, and his eyes blinded by tears. "If I had known this earlier, how much misery I might have saved her—myself. I feel now that it is I who should sue for forgiveness, for I have been culpable too."

"Then sue now," exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Stanley, flinging wide a door which opened into a room beyond.

In its centre stood the viscountess, with her arms encircling the form of her daughter Etheline, whose face, like her mother's, was turned toward him with eager, intensely anxious solicitude.

The marquis stood transfixed for an instant as they met his view. Then he uttered a passionate cry—it was difficult to tell whether it was of pain or joy; but throwing out his arms, he gasped—

"My Etheline—mine! My queen—now, as you have ever been! My wife! my wife!"

She threw herself into his arms, and yielded herself to his convulsive embrace—nay, returned it with the same fervor.

Yet a moment, and only a moment, and she placed Etheline in his arms.

"My darling child—our child, Hastingleigh!" she murmured, almost inaudible with convulsive excitement.

"My child!" he exclaimed, with intense feeling, as he folded his arms about her shoulders, and pressed her forehead fondly with his lips. "My darling, my own! My heart opens to you. How my cheeks burn with shame and penitence at the cruel, criminal wrong I have forced upon you! How much you have to pardon, to forget—how much forgiveness I have to pray for!"

Poor Etheline could not articulate a word, not though her coming happiness or life had depended upon it. She almost swooned with emotion, and felt delirious with joy, knowing herself to be locked in the loving arms of her father.

And a low, sweet, encouraging voice seemed to whisper in her ear—

"I live in hope! Lord, hear me! I live in hope!"

With that silent aspiration there came up before her eyes the vision of Gordon Athol's handsome, noble face, as bright and beautiful as if it were a vision of the Angel Raphael, with "lineaments divine."

CHAPTER XLI.

"DROWNED, MAY IT PLEASE YOU, MY LORD."

We can afford to leave to the imagination of the reader what followed the reconciliation of the Marquis of St. Leonards with his wife and daughter. Mutual explanations took place between man and wife, and both really for the first time discovered how truly and sincerely they were attached to each other. At the earliest possible moment they quitted London for a place of retirement, where could be arranged the best means for the restoration of the marchioness to society, and the introduction of Etheline into the sphere to which she properly belonged.

It must not be supposed that when Etheline found herself in a high position, a lady of title, and surrounded by every luxury, that she forgot Lollie Leslie. Next to the ever-recurring face of Gordon Athol always came to her the pretty countenance of Lollie. Not, as she had known it in the earlier period of their intimacy, round, plump, shining, transparent, glowing as a sunny apple, but pale, anxious, drawn as when she had last seen it. No, in truth, no, in very truth, she did not forget her, nor less an hour in making her high-born parents acquainted with her many genuine virtues. She told them that Lollie had been her first playmate, and after her return to England her companion in the work-room—how, when hapless, homeless, friendless, she had sought her, she had received her with open arms, shared all she possessed with her, aided, helped, worked for, attended to her with more than the devotion of a loving sister. Indeed, she so interested them in her that they were not only desirous to see her, to thank and recompense her, if that were possible, but readily assented to the suggestion of Etheline that she should offer her a home, and make her a companion and friend.

It was decided that they should retire without delay to Hastingleigh Court, and live there in seclusion until the world had been prepared for their appearance in it; and Etheline felt it would, indeed, be pleasant to have there the companionship of Lollie.

It must be confessed there were one or two reasons other than those mentioned which had weight with Etheline in urging her to effect this arrangement. One of these, we suspect, was that Lollie, whenever the name of Gordon Athol had been mentioned while they were living alone together, had been in the habit of exercising her fertile imagination in inventing interviews between him and Etheline, which took place in scenes to be found only in the gardens of Elysium, and in placing in his mouth rhapsodies which, if stilted and high-flown, nevertheless breathed a passionate adoration which had a very grateful sound in her ears.

She used to listen to Lollie's wonderfully constructed outpouring of love, supposed to be eloquently whispered to her by Gordon Athol, with a throbbing heart, burning cheeks, and infinite gratification, and it was more than possible, if Lollie rejoined her, and lived with her down at Hastingleigh Court, she would, when the roses had been brought back to her cheek, brightness to her eye, and contentment to her mind, resume those pleasant inventions until the hero of them returned from the Cape of Good Hope, and then— Ah, then, if there were no ever-to-be-hated princess in the way, he might, now the obstacles of mean birth and penury were removed, utter those felicitous sentiments in less extravagant, perhaps, but no less delightful language to her himself.

Ah, that indeed would be the crowning bliss of her new life.

She had not forgotten Lollie's dearly-cherished secret, and her almost impossible ambition respecting young Charles Templeton—who could say but what she might be able to make that dream a reality too! It would be surely no difficulty to endow Lollie with a little fortune—she would gladly give her half her own—and old Mr. Templeton might not have made up his mind that his son should marry a princess, so would be content with a daughter-in-law with a respectable dowry.

But Lollie, alas! was not to be found when Etheline, accompanied by her mother, went in search of her. In a quiet brougham, they proceeded to the address at which Mrs. Leslie had lived, but she had quitted it without leaving a clue behind by which to trace her. Old Sydney was set to work to hunt up Aunt Tracy, to extract from her, if possible, what had become of Lollie. The old man came back with the statement that her mistress, Miss Agatha Dysart, had most unexpectedly entered into the bonds of matrimony with her first love, who, after years of absence, had returned to her a widower, and had married her. They had gone abroad somewhere, Tracy had accompanied them, and from what he could learn, Lollie had gone with them.

Etheline was grievously disappointed, and began to feel some of her old sad, dispirited feeling coming back to her. She had been reunited to her parents, replaced in a magnificent home, was a suitable match even in the Duke of Glenlyon's eyes for his son, though the proud Scotch duke knew it not—although he was acquainted with the marchioness, and the circumstances which had separated her from her home—was surrounded, in short, it seemed, by everything that could contribute to and complete her happiness, but she was not happy; worse, she began to entertain a dread that when she was located at Hastingleigh Court she should be wretched.

It seemed ungrateful and wicked, but then she thought, as she pressed her hands on her temples, what would be her state, her pomp, her riches, her pride of birth, all the luxuries and enjoyment without the one with whom she yearned to share it. It would only yield her vexation and bitterness of spirit. She half wished that she was back with Lollie in their little room—she working, and Lollie talking of Gordon

Athol. She had never heard his name mentioned by the marquis or her mother since she had taken up her abode with them, although to her surprise, and to the momentary increased action of her heart, she heard the marchioness speak of the Duke of Glenlyon as one who had acted on more than one occasion the part of a friend to her, yet Gordon's name remained unspoken.

Although ever in her mind and trembling on her lips, she dared not to venture to mention the beloved name, she knew not what had befallen him, could not guess. He might have been drowned at sea or died of fever for aught she knew, or might, it so seemed, be likely to know.

If he had perished—well, her high birth, her grand name, would henceforth be no better than a mockery to her, for she had been overjoyed to achieve—or, rather, regain—her position for his sake only. And the time came to leave London and proceed to Hastingleigh Court. All the preparations were made, and although apparently everything that could render her return there a joyous event had been thought of and arranged, her heart grew heavier, and her hopefulness in the happiness of the future fainter.

As she quitted the splendid mansion in which she had recently resided to enter the travelling carriage, she found a path to it lined with curious spectators, who had paused to obtain a glance of nobility in the human form, and see how much it is like common clay. Her ear caught a plaintive cry of surprise, and she turned her eyes to see from whose lips it came.

Standing in the front rank was a young girl, poorly yet cleanly clad. She was embracing a goodly-sized brown-paper parcel. Etheline looked at her pallid, pinched face, which exhibited painfully the traces of insufficient food and much mental suffering, and instantly stopped. She placed her hand upon her arm, gazed eagerly into her eyes, and gasped—

"Lollie!"

"Oh, Lyddy—Lyddy;" was the faint, quivering, scarcely audible reply.

In a moment she tore the parcel from her hands, and thrust it into the arms of an electrified and white-plastered-haired footman; she locked her arm in that of the young girl's, and forced her up the steps into the hall, up into her own room, which she had but a few minutes before quitted. She closed the door, she twined her arms about the young girl's shoulders, she pressed her to her heart, and the large, brilliant tears raced each other down her cheeks as, kissing the cold, thin, white face with the aspect of death, reclining on her shoulder, she whispered, tenderly—

"Lollie—Lollie dear—I am so glad, so very glad, to see you again, to hold you to my heart, my own true, true friend; glad, Lollie, because now I can prove to you how deeply I have felt and appreciate all your loving services and devotion to me."

Poor Lollie was some time before she could command anything like firmness or coherency of speech, or calm down her joy at meeting with "Lyddy" once more, and in learning that she was not only a high and noble lady bred and born, but that she had got "her own again." Yet at last she was able to reply to Etheline's reiterated questions respecting herself, by saying simply that her mother, at the instigation of Aunt Tracy, had arranged the plan by which she was carried off to marry Bob; but as she felt that she would much rather endure any amount of hard work and privation than marry Bob, she had contrived to escape from home, and to take a situation to live in a house of business to work the machine. The work was very hard, however, and the pay very small, but she endured it because she believed she was speeding rapidly to the "Happiest Land."

"On earth first," whispered Etheline, kissing her again and again.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 30.)

ERIC KENT—PLEBEIAN.

BY SPHINX.

"Constance, to whom were you bowing as you drove in at the gate?" asked Cyril Everett, lazily assisting his sister to alight from her phaeton.

"To Mr. Kent," replied the young lady, relinquishing the reins. "Jack," she added to the little groom, "just see whether there is a stone in Fleet's foot; he limped a little coming home to-night."

As the groom drove the stylish pair of ponies down to the stable, Constance Everett turned toward her brother, and was astonished to find a heavy frown on his face.

"Is anything wrong with you, Cyril?"

"No, but there is with you, I think."

"What do you mean?" she asked, with a faint color warming her fair face.

"Do you intend to notice that fellow at the iron-works every time he passes you, merely because he caught your runaway ponies?"

"And saved my life thereby!" she replied, significantly.

"*Any* man would save a *woman's* life."

"And any *woman* would be grateful for it, I should hope."

"Well, tea is on the table, and we can argue the matter later," said her brother, entering the hall. But when Constance Everett took her seat at the waiter, some five minutes later, there was a calm dignity about her that seemed to reject an argument, and a pleasant expression in her face that also seemed to prevent any absurdity on the part of her brother. For five years the two had lived alone in the great house on the hill, and Constance reigned there so quietly and faithfully that any stranger would have supposed the house had never known a wiser, older mistress.

Cyril Everett was not a model brother, although no one ever attributed to him an ungallant quality. A gentleman by descent and with certain refined tastes, he made a very effective master of the small retinue of servants by his firm, unfamiliar ways, and terse, though not unkindly authority. Toward his sister he was deferential and loving after a fashion—but few men could quarrel with Constance Everett. As far as possible she seemed to enter into the lives of others as to leave her own individuality established rather than asserted. It was something of this that checked the hot words on Cyril Everett's tongue as he sat opposite her. After tea they withdrew to the parlor, and Constance began cutting the leaves of a magazine. Cyril sat down, and taking a card and pencil, silently began drawing some plans for part of his estate.

"By the way, Constance, speaking of Kent, I have made him an offer for that lot opposite the iron-works."

"He'll never sell that to you, Cyril."

"Why not?"

"Because I heard him tell Mr. Shippen he would sell it to him only, to aid the building plan for the workmen. You know Mr. Shippen's scheme is to have a settlement down there; nice, comfortable little homes, at a cheap rent."

"Oh, folderal! Shippen thinks he's a second George Peabody, I've no doubt—his schemes are large enough, but his offers are mean."

"One man can't bear all the cost of progression in a place like this," answered his sister, reasonably.

"Well, I've no doubt but this Eric Kent will be willing to receive at least a third more."

"I think, Cyril, he will let Mr. Shippen have it very low; he said he wanted the men to feel that there were those who took an interest in their homes and in their general advancement."

"To whom did he impart his philanthropic ideas, I beg leave to ask?"

"To me—this afternoon."

"Well! well! you not only bow, but hold regular conversations with him, it seems! there must be an end of this!"

There was a surprised silence on her part, then she laid down her book quietly, and looked at her brother's impetuous, handsome, scornful face.

"Give a reasonable objection why I should *not* hold a conversation with him, Cyril."

"It is not that you have not the privilege of doing as *you* please, of course—but I assure you, your position does not warrant any such proceedings. Your common sense should teach you that Eric Kent and Miss Everett do not stand on a level."

It was well that his eyes were fixed upon the card over which he was rapidly scribbling, as a look of sweeping contempt masked the fair face unmistakably.

"You are speaking of a person you do not know," she said, eventually, in an unruffled voice.

Cyril Everett dashed down the card and stood before her, his handsome, graceful figure drawn to its full height.

"Certainly I never sought his acquaintance—all that it is necessary to know of him, I had no difficulty in finding out, simply that he is a well to-do fellow in the iron-works at Hatherton—superintendent of several hundred men, and very well in his way; but farther than that, out of his sphere, I cannot imagine him an especial acquisition to any one in a vastly different standing in the world."

"So a man's work constitutes his 'sphere?'" she returned, with inquiring composure.

He bit his lips, and turning quickly, said—

"I'm going out on some business—will be back in two hours." And was out of the room and house soon after.

Constance Everett sighed heavily—she walked over to the window and looked after him, then turned—and as she neared the table, picked up the card he had dropped. There, in bold, careless characters were these words: "Eric Kent—Plebeian." If *she* had been the subject of his thought, she could not have felt the words more keenly. A look of resentment and exquisite renunciation of the falseness of such an utterance, mingled painfully in her face. Her lips were compressed, but her eyes were humid. "This is a glove I'll take up when Cyril returns," she exclaimed, picking up a volume of Burns for the purpose of slipping the card between its leaves. The strange sarcasm of circumstances revealed the top line of the page: "The man's the gowd for a' that." A curious unbending of the face that shadowed the book was an answer, such as a friend who understood her, might have received.

A sense of injustice rankled in the conscious judgment. She lowered the light, and threw herself down on the sofa, with the depressed cognizance of facts without a remedy; so she brushed it aside, and yielded to a disappointed torpor, that fortunately veils our vision in perplexity. How long she remained in this semi-somnambulic state she knew not—only that she was aroused by the entrance of a visitor. She advanced rather formally, and upon turning up the light during her apology for the dim apartment, what was her astonishment to find herself face to face with Eric Kent.

There had been a formal note of thanks from Cyril Everett, but he had never entered the house before. Constance, burdened with the memory of the late conversation, stood motionless, and the rich color surged through her veins to her temples. He observed the painful expression, and contrasted it with the quiet pallor of the afternoon. He bowed over her outstretched hand, and said gravely—

"I am sorry your brother is absent, but if you will allow me to send a business reply by you, I'll be brief." Constance bowed affirmatively.

"Your brother made me a very generous offer through Mr. Shippen for a lot opposite the iron-works, which I must refuse simply because I desire that gentleman to purchase it to aid the building scheme. I expected Mr. Everett at my office this afternoon, as Mr. Shippen understanding he was on his way there, sent by him some plans of houses for me. May I trouble you for them?"

"Certainly, if I can find them; Cyril has doubtless left them in his desk. Excuse me a minute," she said, withdrawing. She was gone some time. Cyril had not left them on his desk, so she went up to his room and found them carelessly thrown upon the window-sill. She entered the parlor noiselessly. Mr. Kent was standing with his back to the door with a book in his hand. She came up to him and saw between his fingers the card with the large letters in italic print: "Eric Kent—Plebeian," under his very eyes. He closed the book and took the roll from her hand gently. She could not speak—oh the bitter insult offered to the gentleman who stood before her! She raised her eyes entreatingly to the tall powerful figure and looked into the dark-blue, honest eyes. His face was a study. There was no hint of a wound in the calm, reliant expression of the mouth and nose, and the eyes were fixed upon the open window in a peaceful, considerative way. He did not seem to be aware that she was standing in an attitude of supplication almost, and that he had taken the roll from her hands without further notice. It may have been her excited breathing that attracted his attention, for he turned and met a glance full of contrition. Perhaps it was the sorrowful regret in her countenance that made him realize how deep the insult really was, for a flush swept over his brow and his lip trembled slightly.

"Could you listen to a few words?" Constance asked unsteadily. The question in itself was an interpretation of the feeling he had been speculating upon. A beautiful smile shone in his eyes, he drew an arm-chair to the table and said easily—

"If you will take that chair it will give me much pleasure to finish our conversation so hastily interrupted by my business this afternoon." A triumphant pride in this man's unshaken superiority, kindled her face into a wondrous enthusiasm which with the half-embarassed grievance in her eyes, conspired to produce a magical effect upon her appearance. But she was not to be put off in this generous way. She took the matter bravely in hand, but with a faltering voice.

"Mr. Kent, you are refusing an apology before it is made; that I cannot allow; but if it should please you to refuse it after its utterance, it can be no more than deservedly borne."

"You do not owe me any apology."

"My brother *does*."

"I cannot agree with you—he never would have *said* such a thing, I hope, and therefore is not responsible for my accidentally finding out his opinion."

Constance sat in silent wonder, her eyes were fixed upon his face, and his upon hers. There was no particular intention in their mutual regard beyond the intuition of each other's recompense. The lady felt her gift paltry in comparison with his—her distress increased.

"You will not understand me," she began. "I feel that we would be *honored* by your forgiveness."

The noble sincerity of her character made him realize that his admiration should be checked, if there was indeed *that* difference placed upon their relative positions. He said constrainedly:

"It pains me to place you in a false light—still if it is any comfort to you—I forgive the words; if they were true, I might not be so ready to forget them."

A fact indeed! If he were less of a gentleman he would have taken up the insult. She heard Cyril come in, and again the blood stole shamefully over her face, as he entered, greeted Mr. Kent in a businesslike way, received his refusal with nonchalance, and lit a cigar carelessly. The visitor soon arose to depart, and Cyril nodded to him as he passed to the front door unaccompanied.

As he was opening the door Cyril glanced in hurried surprise at his sister's departure, and subsequent words with Eric Kent at the door. When she returned he puffed a cloud of smoke into ascending rings, and asked with a yawn:

"How long has that fellow been here?" But he questioned the desert air, as she had taken up a book and left the room, apparently not hearing the question. * *

The summer passed away and Constance Everett had seen nothing of Mr. Kent, save in passing the shop one day he had raised his hat to them, as the carriage bowled along the road. * * * * It was probably the latter part of September when Cyril despairingly announced that he had speculated in oil and lost everything.

"I suppose the news will be all over town to-morrow and people will flock here to buy and look at the horses!" Not a word of *her* shock. "The place must be sold, and there is no one willing to buy it," he went on irritably, "except in shares, and then we can never repurchase."

"The place must be sold privately," Constance replied.

"How cold and unreasonable you are—not a continental do you care whether I lose my saddle-horses or not," he growled as she left the room and ordered her phaeton and drove rapidly to Hatherton. The first person she met was Mr. Shippen. He promised to advertise the projected sale verbally. Days went by, and Cyril walked around the place gloomy, cross, and hopeless. "There is nothing but an auctioneer's sale!" he said to Constance. "We *must* have money, and there has not been a single offer yet."

Two days after a red flag was flying from the massive gateway at Oaklands. Constance had taken refuge with her friend, Mrs. Whitney, at the rectory. As Mrs. Whitney, Cyril and Constance were standing in the hall talking, Mr. Shippen drove up.

"The sale has been stopped by a private purchaser," he announced. "Am going to see who he is."

Cyril flew up the stairs perfectly jubilant. Just then, Louis Whitney ran up the steps.

"Oh, mamma! who do you think has bought Oaklands? Mr. Kent! and he's not going to live there; I heard him tell Mr. Hollingsworth."

Constance tapped on Cyril's door. "Come in." She entered; he was evidently preparing to go to Oaklands.

"Cyril," she said, in a husky voice, "*I* know the purchaser."

"You *do!* who is it?" he said, eagerly coming forward. She handed him a card, and upon it, in his own handwriting, he read the words: "Eric Kent—Plebeian." You could have heard a pin drop, the silence was so intense. Cyril's face had changed to a deep, dull red, and he was unable to meet the clear, challenging eyes of his sister. He sat down like one in a dream. Constance left the room, but she quickly returned and put her arms around his neck. He pushed her aside.

"I'll ask Shippen to buy it of him."

"Cyril!"

He stalked angrily out of the room. Later, a note was handed her: "Dear Miss Everett—You doubtless know that I have bought Oaklands. As I leave for England on business, I beg that you and your brother will at least be tenants there until I return. With sincere sympathy, ERIC KENT."

A year elapsed, and one day Cyril rode over to Hatherton to dispose of his only horse. Suddenly the animal shied at a piece of fluttering paper and threw him. When he opened his eyes, it was in the face of one whose loving, fearless heart belonged to the universal brotherhood. Eric Kent was in his old place at the iron-works again it seemed, and he had found this man insensible in the road.

Six months after the accident, Constance and her brother were seated 'neath the grand old trees at Oaklands, but by his side there lay a pair of crutches. He arose to go to the house, when a manly, vigorous voice exclaimed:

"Cyril—brother—lean on me;" and Eric Kent and Cyril Everett walked away together. It was some time before the former returned and found Constance had wandered toward the shady knoll near the spring-house.

"I think Cyril will be better in the fall, Miss Everett."

"I think he will be, then, where there is no sickness."

"You *know* this then?" he said, battling with his emotion.

"Yes."

"He is fretting to-night about leaving you alone in the world—and, Constance, I asked him to leave you in my care, if you—could—if you can love me?"

She stood motionless; at last she said:

"It is pity, not love, that prompts this. We—we insulted you—and you—"

"Constance, my dearest love, do you still let that paltry word "plebeian" rankle in your breast? Are we not all plebeians in a certain sense, and does our Heavenly Father cease to love us?"

She bowed her head upon the hands that clasped her so tightly, and kissed them. He drew her shawl around her, and led her toward the little arbor, where Cyril, from his room window, beheld them earnestly talking, and his tired, anxious heart was at rest.

☞ A Memphis girl was married the other day, and immediately sold her piano, bought a sewing-machine, and made her husband a suit of clothes and herself two calico dresses; and now fourteen young men are seeking the hand of her unmarried sister.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ There is no object in nature which approaches in glory a peacock with his tail spread, so nearly as a young lady with a new pony phaeton and a parasol on her whip-handle.

☞ A country postmaster wishes that people who use postal cards wouldn't write so fine, as he consumes twenty minutes reading some of them.

☞ A firm of Chinese laundry-men commenced business in Chicago recently. The names of the partners are Yung Wo, Sam Yup, Ling Yung, Hop Wo, Yang Wo and Gun Chow.

☞ An enterprising dog in Utica secured samples from the clothing of eight lightning rod agents within half an hour after a thunder-storm the other day.

☞ An English newspaper mentions that a husband and wife recently set sail from Derby for Glasgow, Scotland, on the way to Edinburg, the wife having on her knee her thirty-third baby. Twenty-four of the thirty-three are living.

☞ A high school girl, just graduated, said, in her essay, "Let us avoid the frivolities of life, and pursue the noblest ends only." The next day she was moved to tears in an agonizing attempt to decide the proper shade of blue for her complexion.

☞ A New York girl at West Point says the idea that cadets are great flirts is a popular fallacy. They know nothing whatever about it. If a girl tries to "flirt" with one, in the New York acceptation of the word, it frightens him almost to death.

☞ At some of the Long Branch hotels the piazzas are carpeted every evening, to the great advantage of ladies with handsome dresses, and the great inconvenience of smokers.

☞ The striking difference between a young man and a young woman is illustrated by a croaker, who says that the first thing a young man does when he sees a friend with a new hat on, is to take it off and serenely try it on his own head; but when a young lady sees one of her acquaintances with a new bonnet, she just lifts up her nose and serenely wonders "where the thing got that fright."

☞ Russia beats us in old men. One has just passed away, at Nijni-Novgorod, at the age of one hundred and twenty-seven, having been born in 1746. He served as cook to Catharine II., and was in the ranks of the Russian army all through the campaign from 1795 to 1814. His oldest son is ninety-six.

☞ A correspondent of the Detroit Post states that whenever the piano in his parlor is left open, and the room is unoccupied, a rat will emerge from his hiding-place and run up and down over the keys, evidently highly delighted with the music produced thereby. When the piano is closed the sagacious rodent will seat himself on the corner and utter dismal squeaks.

☞ A little baby is an easy thing to love, but a big baby is a very hard thing to love, says a veteran observer, especially if you have married her.

☞ A young Oregon lady recently discarded her lover because he quarrelled with a toll-gatekeeper about a sixpence.

☞ There are nineteen hotels and one hundred and forty cottages at Cape May.

☞ "I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister; "I see the *sleepers* are very *sound*."

☞ A German who landed in St. Paul, a few days ago, parted with $1,000 of his money to an oily-tongued confidence man in less than half an hour after his arrival. The oily-tongue wanted to pay a big freight bill, had nothing but large checks, etc., and handed over as security a bag of twenty-dollar gold pieces, which of course proved to be counterfeit.

☞ A battalion of locusts recently swept over Algeria in such a body as to intercept the rays of the sun. The population, the police and the Arab goums set out and commenced a chase, and succeeded in burying twenty-five quintals of eggs and larvæ in the earth.

☞ A case which is likely to call forth all the emotional resources of a French jury is told as follows: A young man, having accepted a challenge from a noted duellist, goes home and tells his mother all about it. The good lady rushes off distracted to the house of the duellist, whom she finds practising with a pistol in the garden, and, what is worse, hitting the mark every time. She implores his mercy, but is coldly repulsed by the marksman, who declares his intention to kill her son. Thereupon, in her wrath and terror, the poor woman snatches up a pistol and shoots the duellist dead. The chances are that she will be acquitted, and, indeed, it is difficult to imagine any case which offers more, or more genuine, extenuation. A jury of mothers, at least, would not very long deliberate upon their verdict.

☞ That mules can count at least as far as five, is supposed to be proved by the experience or a short line of omnibuses in New Orleans, in which each mule makes the journey five successive times before resting, and though keeping silent at the end of the first four trips, utters a neigh of delight at the end of the fifth. It is very well known that the crow can count two. If two persons enter a thicket to watch for them, and one comes out, they know that there is one left; but when *three* go in, and two return, their arithmetic is at an end, and they fall a victim to their arithmetical ignorance.

☞ Captain Estes, of a Lake Ontario steam-tug, reports that while he was on his way up the lake, a few nights ago, there suddenly appeared into view the city of Oswego—thirty-one miles distant—with the gas light in the streets and all the appearances that a brilliantly-lighted town would present from a hill in the immediate vicinity at night. The lighthouse at Oswego also, as well as a dozen others on the lake shore below, as far as Sackett's Harbor, were distinctly seen. The display, he asserts, was witnessed for several minutes, and then slowly faded into darkness.

☞ A New Bedford man stole a yoke of oxen from his employer the other day. He might have stolen horses, but he didn't believe in the insane rage for getting rich in a hurry, which is ruining the country.

☞ An English butcher assaulted a sheep with a deadly weapon and intent to kill, but just as he thrust the knife into the animal's vitals, it gathered its strength for a last effort and kicked its murderer in the stomach, and he died in two hours from the effects of the kick. The sheep was exonerated from all blame, as the act was done in self-defence.

☞ A Cincinnati editor, who has indulged in a heavy life insurance, is said to be followed, whenever he goes a-fishing, by several insurance companies affectionately bearing life-preservers and sun-umbrellas.

☞ "Does one woman in fifty fill the lower part of her lungs with air?" is the stern inquiry of a sanitary exchange. The editor of that paper never heard the voice of an infuriated mother-in-law.

☞ It is said that the Shah scratches his head with the corner of a salt-cellar.

☞ A girl in Laporte county, Indiana, frequently imagines she is a horse, and will get on all-fours and stamp and kick and eat grass.

☞ Five foolish young Belgians lately laid a wager that they would remain awake continuously for seven days. They kept up all manner of exciting exercises and drank large quantities of coffee, and one of them won the bet though with the loss of twenty-five pounds in weight. Two fell asleep after 130 hours, one was seized with inflammation of the lungs and had to give in to save his life, and the other fell asleep on horseback and then fell off and broke his arm.

☞ A citizen of Utica, who felt called on to remonstrate with a female neighbor for her severity in chastising her child, the other day, felt called on to close the interview and leave the house in a few minutes. It was observed that a mop or dust-brush, two foot-stools, a pot of verbenas, a jar of pickles, and the family dog followed closely after him.

☞ A gentle youth and fair maiden of Texas have outdone all other tender pairs in their manner of getting married. They eloped together from school, and duly armed with a license, rushed post-haste to a minister on Red River, and desired him to perform the fateful ceremony. This, the heartless man refused to do, his reason being that neither the lady nor the gentleman was yet of age, and the law mightn't like it. Despair was about to overwhelm the couple, when they were struck by an idea. There were no boats to be had, but cottonwood logs were abundant. They bestowed themselves carefully on one of these, previously mooring it to the bank with a long rope, and they having drifted far enough into the stream to be considered out of Texas, the minister gracefully climbed a stump at the water's edge and pronounced the solemn sentences of the ceremony.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Double Black Diamonds.

At Creation's Dawn the medicinal springs of the earth sparkled and bubbled as they do now, but it required the light of Chemical Discovery to enable man to reproduce them from their elements, as the Seltzer water has been reproduced in

Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient,

the most effective combination of a pure tonic, a wholesome laxative, a refreshing febrifuge, and a powerful anti-bilious agent at present known. The immediate and permanent relief that it affords in cases of chronic constipation, biliousness, stomach complaints, nervous depression, fever, rheumatism, dropsy, piles, headache, heartburn and flatulency, has become a proverb in every civilized portion of the American continent. Sold by all druggists.
aug9-2t

WEBSTER'S PATENT

BUTTON HOLE WORKER

Pat. June 27, 1871. Awarded first premium at the Am. Institute and Md. Institute Fairs, 1871.

To one of the most important inventions of the age! The most perfect Button-hole Worker *ever invented!* So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can work without it. Local and travelling agents wanted everywhere. They sell at sight, and give over 100 per cent. profit. Sample Button-hole Worker and sample Button-hole Cutter packed in a neat case, with full directions for use, with sample of our new and novel way of canvassing, sent by mail to any address on receipt of 65 cents. Address WEBSTER M'F'G CO., Manufacturers, Ansonia, Ct. Please state in what paper you saw this. aug2-2t

CURLS

One application of Prof. LEO'S MAGIC COMPOUND will instantly Curl the straightest hair of either sex (without injury) into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls in every case, or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per package, post-paid, or 3 for 50 cents. Address, GEORGE & HOLBROOK, Uxbridge, Mass. aug2-4t

GROVER & BAKER'S

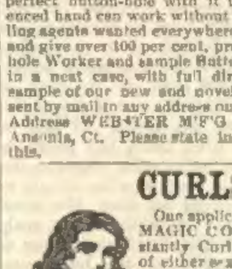
IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH

SEWING MACHINES.

SIMPLE, DURABLE, RELIABLE, LIGHT RUNNING, and EASILY OPERATED.

SALESROOMS:
756 BROADWAY, New York,
730 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia. je21-13t

IMPERISHABLE FRAGRANCE.



MURRAY & LANMAN'S CELEBRATED

Florida Water,

The richest, most lasting, yet most delicate of all perfumes, for use on the

HANDKERCHIEF,
At the TOILET,
And in the BATH.

As there are imitations and counterfeits, always ask for the Florida Water which has on the bottle, on the label, and on the pamphlet, the names of MURRAY & LANMAN, without which none is genuine.

For sale by all Perfumers, Druggists and dealers in Fancy Goods. je14-26t

SOMETHING EVERYBODY WANTS. Sample free. Agents wanted. Address BARBER BROTHERS, Port Byron, Ills. aug2-2t

CANVASSING BOOKS SENT FREE FOR

Prof. FOWLER'S GREAT WORK

On Manhood, Womanhood and their Mutual Inter-relations; Love, Its Laws, Power, etc.

Agents are selling from 20 to 40 copies of this work a day, and we send a canvassing book free to any book agent. Address, stating experience, etc., NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. jy19-4t

$250 A MONTH can be made selling our new Novelties. More Agents wanted. For terms and circulars, address with stamp, *Pittsburgh Supply Co.*, Pittsburgh, Pa. je28-26t

$72.00 EACH WEEK.—Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. je7-12t

WORKING CLASS—MALE OR FEMALE—$99 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instruction and valuable package of goods sent by mail. Address, with six cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 173 Greenwich St., N. Y. mh29-26t

MAGIC OR INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Wonderful and Amusing. 25 cents, post-paid. Address E. FOX & CO., 389 Canal St., New York. de28-52t

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. nov16-52t

AN "ELEGANT CHROMO" and "ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF WONDERS," only 15 cents post-paid. Address E. FOX & CO., No. 389 Canal Street, New York City. sept4-1y

REMEDY FREE.—We send free a simple and sure means of self-cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, and any disease of the Throat or Lungs, Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Weakness, and all disorders brought on by youthful imprudence. TUTTLE & CO., 28 Nassau St., New York. sept4-1y

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

This standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff; and the scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, says of it: "I consider it *the best preparation* for its intended purposes."

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE WHISKERS.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in *one preparation*, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color which will neither rub nor wash off.

MANUFACTURED BY
R. P. HALL & Co., Nashua, N. H.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

Instantaneous Relief and Sound, Refreshing Sleep
GUARANTEED BY USING MY

Instant Relief for the Asthma.

It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm immediately, and enabling the patient to lie down and sleep. I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no more, and work and sleep as well as any one. Warranted to relieve in the worst case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box. Ask your Druggist for it. CHAS. B. HURST, mar1-52t Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa.

Secret of Beauty.

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH.

This delightful and harmless toilet preparation is undoubtedly the best in the world for preserving the Skin and Beautifying the complexion. It will remove Tan, Freckles, and all discolorations from the skin, leaving it beautifully white, soft, smooth and clear.

Over One Million Ladies

have used it, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Dr. Louis A. Sayre, after carefully examining the analysis made by the Chemist of the Board of Health of New York City, pronounced the 'Bloom of Youth" a harmless preparation, entirely free from any ingredient injurious to the Health or Skin.

Beware of Counterfeits.

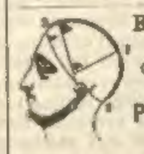
See that the United States Revenue Stamp is printed on the front label and the name of G. W. Laird is stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle—no other is genuine. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers. my24-13t

SLATE MANTELS

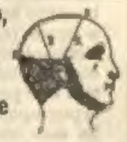
ESTABLISHED 1853.

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order.

Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1210 RIDGE AVENUE. WILSON & MILLER, jy12-26t Philadelphia, Pa.



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizzets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-cowly

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

[Editors will please bear in mind that the following Observations by Max Adeler, in common with the other original contents of The Post, are copyrighted. We give this notice on account of the constant "appropriation" of Max Adeler's articles, without the requisite credit being given either to the writer or the paper.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

—Even the best Sunday-school scholars sometimes are so interested in earthly things that the spiritual meaning of their lessons escapes them. There was Miss Slumm's smartest boy. They were studying the history of Solomon, and Miss Slumm wanted to show that in spite of all his splendor and wisdom, his lapse into idolatry in his old age left him without the pure religious devotion needful to perfect peace. So Miss Slumm said, "And now, William, Solomon had more wisdom and knowledge than any one else in the world; he was far richer than any other king; he had built the most magnificent temple that was ever seen; he lived in a gorgeous palace; he had fine clothes, and horses and chariots, and thousands of servants, and all the other monarchs of the earth looked upon him with admiration and envy. And yet he was not perfectly happy. He needed but one thing to give him absolute contentment and felicity, and what do you think it was, William?" William paused for a moment, and then suddenly exclaimed, "I know!" Miss Slumm said, "And what was it?" "Why, he wanted to learn how to whistle on his fingers." Then William all at once went down to the foot of the class. He had been putting in his spare time during the preceding week practising that musical accomplishment, and he thought Solomon certainly must have had yearnings in the same direction.

—A friend of ours, Burnside, some time ago bought an alarm clock with which to awaken his hired girls in the morning. He set it down under the sofa, without mentioning the fact to his wife, and that evening after tea Mrs. Burnside reposed upon the sofa with the baby upon her lap. Suddenly the alarm began with a terrific clatter, which gave Mrs. Burnside such a dreadful shock that she fainted, dropped the baby on its head, scared Burnside so that he upset the kerosene lamp on his mother-in-law, who fell, knocking young William Burnside through the glass door of the book-case, cutting him dreadfully; while Mary Jane Burnside, in endeavoring to save the baby from the flames, which were devouring the mother-in-law, tore twelve yards of gathers out of her dress and tripped, breaking her right arm. It cost over twelve hundred dollars for doctors' bills to bring Mrs. Burnside out of her convulsions, to repair Mary Jane's arm, to cover William with sticking plaster, to heal up Burnside's mother-in-law and to trepan the baby; to say nothing of the agony endured by Burnside from the lectures delivered ever since, three times a day, by his wife and wife's mother upon the general brutality of man, and the utter imbecility of all male citizens bearing the name of Burnside. He wishes now he had alluded to that alarm-clock when he first came home, or had engaged a policeman to wake the hired girl by throwing bricks through her window.

—They say that the chief astronomer at the Washington observatory was dreadfully sold a few days ago. A wicked boy whose Sunday-school experience seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a fire-fly and stuck it with the aid of some mucilage in the centre of the largest lens in the telescope. That night when the astronomer went to work, he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and what amazed him more was that it would give a couple of spurts and then die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then he began to do sums to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he found the locality, and the next morning he telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude in Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers in Europe and America were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then they began to telegraph to the man in Washington to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look and found that the new star had moved about eighteen billion miles in twenty-four hours, and upon examining it closely he was alarmed to perceive that it had legs! When he went on the dome the next morning to polish up his glass he found the lightning bug. People down at Alexandria seven miles distant heard part of the swearing, and they say he infused into it much whole-souled sincerity and vigorous energy. The bills for telegraphic despatches amounted to twenty-six hundred dollars, and now the astronomer wants to find that boy. He wishes to consult with him about something.

—The circulation of the *Sat. Eve. Post* in China is so extensive that we are preparing for our readers in that country a story founded on fact. It is written in the Chinese style and will be continued from week to week until the year 1954. It will take us two years to publish the preface, and we shall probably work down into the body of the first chapter before the close of the next twenty years. It will be printed in the Chinese language and may easily be read by our home subscribers with the assistance of a couple of tea-chests and a few labels from packs of fire-crackers. The hero is a man and he is in love, it appears, with the heroine, who is a girl with almond eyes and a complexion like lemon peel. Her father objects to the young man because he sings flat and refuses to offer more than one baked dog a week to the six-headed idol up at the sanctuary, and because he will condnct his devotions with a brass praying-wheel instead of using a silver-plated one. On toward the 8754th chapter the novel becomes very exciting, and our proof-reader, while correcting the typography, was so much overcome that he lost control of himself and suddenly paid back two dollars which he borrowed ten years ago from the foreman. Persons wanting to obtain all the numbers containing this remarkable tale had better pay in advance for the next eighty-one years at once. No trust given to Chinese subscribers. Pekin and Shanghai are too far for our collector to walk when he goes his round if he is to get back to his dinner, and as he cannot swim it is useless to expect him to dun people who live on the other side of the Yangtseekiang river.

—We have never been able to understand why it is considered such a great thing for Cæsar to have crossed the Rubicon. We have crossed the Delaware many a time, and although it is a larger river nobody ever seemed to think it remarkable, and we doubt if anybody will remember it two thousand years hence. If Cæsar crossed in a ferry-boat it is ridiculous to praise him for it. If he waded, it is even more absurd, for it is notorious that the Romans did not wear pants. If he straddled a board and floated across, the praise belongs, we should think, to the board and not to Cæsar. And while we are on the subject, we may allude to the foolishness of eulogizing Washington for crossing the river at Trenton in an open boat amid the ice. If he had had ordinary sense he would have skipped across the bridge.

—Mr. Darwin and the other naturalists in seeking to define the peculiarities which distinguish man from the lower creation, have omitted to mention one very remarkable distinction. Man is the only animal that blows his nose. The alligator has a nose nearly two feet long; but he never blows it. The elephant can reach over with his nose and tickle himself on the hind legs; and he often does, but he never wipes it. The blue-nose baboon has a cerulean proboscis of which the noblest animal might be proud; but it goes unblown. The double-nose pointer has an immense capacity for blowing; but he never will; and even the oyster, whose nose reaches clear around to its back, refrains from exercising it. Man alone has reached to the height of the pocket-handkerchief, and he proudly waves his bandanna as a sufficient evidence of his immortality.

—We have no other authority for it than Jones himself, and therefore cannot vouch for its truthfulness. Jones told us that he was persecuted nearly to death sometime ago by a sewing-machine agent, who wanted him to make a purchase. Unable at last to endure the persistence of the man, Jones says he bought a diving-bell and went out four hundred miles from land and descended two miles into the ocean to spend a few days in peace. He had hardly touched bottom when he saw the sewing-machine man coming down in divers' armor, carrying with him a shuttle-feed and sixty strong testimonials to the merits of his button-hole attachment. Jones informs us that he suddenly rose to the surface and prepared to sail home; but just as the ship's anchor was being hauled over the side, it fell and upset the cook's caboose, scattering the live coals into the powder-magazine. This caused a terrific explosion, and Mr. Jones was blown four miles upward into the air. (This is Jones' statement, remember.) Just as he began to come down, he met the sewing-machine solicitor coming up, in a balloon, with a bucketful of samples of the lock-stitch, and a model of his patent reversible hemmer. When Jones fell he was picked up and he sailed straight for home. As the vessel drew near the dock, Jones perceived the agent standing on the wharf waiting for him with a "noiseless buttonhole attachment." (We thought all buttonholes were necessarily noiseless; but Jones is responsible.) Thereupon Jones hid himself in the cabin, and instructed the captain to say to the agent that he, Jones, had died of yellow fever on the voyage. When the sewing-maching man heard this, he seized a copy of a certificate from a clergyman's wife and then blew out his brains with a pistol, evidently determined to follow Jones into the next world, and sell him a machine at all hazards. We give this for what it is worth. We only know that Jones was educated by his parents to believe that it is wicked to tell a lie.

—Our champion mean man lives in Montgomery county. He has been married four times. When his second wife died, he split his first wife's tombstone and laid the two bodies side by side, each with half a slab. When his last two wives departed, he placed them in graves head to head with the first two, so that the split tombstone would do for all four. He will not marry again for fear he cannot utilize that stone again in case there is another death in the family. His neighbors do say that he buried his aunt at the root of his grapevine so that she would be useful as a nourisher of the plant. If this is true, our mean man beats the parsimonious Frenchman who, after blowing the fire, used to put a cork into the nozzle of the bellows in order to save the wind for next time; and he removes the scalp of our old acquaintance Clackstunner of Darby, who always saved the backbones of the shad in order to avoid buying combs for his family, and who chopped off his dog's tail so that having lost a portion of his flesh and sinew, the animal would require a smaller amount of food to sustain him.

—Lowery has a little place in Germantown where he spends his idle time dabbling in horticulture. The other day he was in an alderman's office as a witness in a case, and he happened to mention to a friend in the hearing of the magistrate that he had in his pocket "a splendid *allium cepa asphodelea*," and he "expected to get five or six first-rate shoots out of it." When the alderman heard this he suddenly turned pale and stooped behind his desk. Then he called a couple of policemen to him and directed them to arrest Lowery upon a charge of carrying concealed deadly weapons, and disarm him. The policeman accordingly tackled Lowery unawares, and a conflict ensued. They danced around the floor of that temple of justice for fifteen minutes, and after smashing six or seven chairs, upsetting the stove, shivering four panes of glass, and maiming one of the spectators with a blow from a club, the policeman got Lowery down, with his head in a spittoon, and his nose swelled to the size, and adorned with the hue, of a prize egg-plant. Then Lowery, out of breath, asked the officers of the law what they meant by such infamous conduct, and policeman Jones replied, "Gimme that pistol; gimme that pistol, I say, or I'll imprison you for life." And when Lowery declared he never carried fire-arms, they tore off his coat and split up his trowsers and dissected his vest, and ravelled out his shirt and wrenched off his socks. Then they searched his pockets and found an onion. The alderman asked him why he had told such an awful falsehood when he said he had an *allium cepa* something-or-other in his pocket. And when Lowery explained that that was the botanical name for onions, the alderman breathed freer and hinted that he had feared it was a revolving pistol of a peculiarly deadly description, and this impression was confirmed by the declaration about "shoots." Mr. Lowery went home with his swelled nose and his onion, and there, upon the altar of his domestic hearth, registered a solemn vow hereafter to abandon the use of botanical phrases in discussing vegetables.

☞ It is an important fact the Chinese have recently been reorganizing their army, which now numbers 300,000 men, armed with Enfield, Remington and Colt's rifles, and with a full complement of rifled artillery. It is asked what if, under able leaders, they should some day swarm beyond the limits of their own empire, and attack the territories of their neighbors?" They are brave, patient, capable of discipline, and there seems to be no reason why, with proper training, they should not make excellent soldiers.

☞ Anglo-Indian puggaries, or light veils twined turban fashion round the hat, are said to have appeared at the sea-side resorts.

POSITIVE PROOF.

LAURENCE—"Not care for you now, Emily! Why, didn't I sit fourteen times for my photograph last week, on purpose to please you?"

"DR. ANTONIO."

BY MARGARET AUDLEY DOUGLASS.

The golden August sun was casting long slanting rays upon the wheat fields, and evening shadows were gathering about the mountain tops, when a shrill whistle broke the silence of Rivertown, and the evening train wound its way slowly through the encircling hills and entered the town. Such a sleepy little place as it usually was! but now the streets were filled with women and children and not a few pretty girls, who had sauntered down to see the cars come in, for it was a part of Rivertown life to welcome the train after its fifty miles' run, as though it had been around the world.

While the citizens alighted and returned the salutations of their friends, the freight, consisting entirely of baskets and bundles ordered by the feminine part of the community, was unloaded, and as the engine began to back, the crowd turned slowly away, the sight was over, the railroad directors had returned to the bosom of their families, and supper was the next question. But this evening their homeward progress was stayed by an unusual sight. A stranger appeared on the platform of the last car. He was rather short, and appeared to be dreadfully misshapen; this last defect was partially concealed by a large cloak wrapped around him. His face was hidden by his hat. This much the crowd saw as he paused, with a nervous glance around him, then limped down a side street. A murmur of "Who is he?" swept through the crowd, which question was answered by the conductor, who addressed himself to the magnate of the town, Mr. Arnold. "He got on at the Point, sir, and kinder looked as if he didn't want no one to see him; he sat in the last car, all bundled up in his cloak, and when he paid his fare, he asked me to send his trunk to a hotel." With that the man touched his hat and stepped back, while a buzz of excitement rose upon the air. He brought a trunk, that meant he was going to stay; he paid his fare, that proved he was not poor!

What lent additional interest to this last item was that the greater part of the populace were deadheads, and the remainder too impecunious to ride—they had actually taken a fare!

After a little idle speculation upon the stranger the crowd dispersed, and not a few sauntered slowly—by accident of course—down the path he had taken. Among those who went in an opposite direction were Mr. Arnold and two young girls, his daughter and niece, both pretty, but strikingly unlike. Lydia Grey was the shorter of the two, a brunette with great dancing brown eyes and a merry, laughing face, pretty in spite of her decidedly irregular features.

The other, Rosalind Arnold, was like another Rosalind, "more than common tall," with a pair of clear, wide-open gray eyes, and a quantity of golden-brown hair, that was drawn back from her broad white forehead, and fell in a shower of curls over her shoulders; features so regular as to seem almost cold until she smiled or spoke, when you saw what a lovely face it really was. She was Mr. Arnold's only child, and had been his housekeeper since she was fifteen.

As the trio turned into a narrow lane, a gentleman raised his hat and stood aside to let them pass. Mr. Arnold returned the salute and they passed on, but not until Rosalind had met the stranger's eyes, which were fixed earnestly on her face. With the color deepening on her cheeks, she turned her own away, and after he was out of hearing, Lydia exclaimed:

"That is the gentleman who came up on the train this afternoon. Don't you think he is awfully handsome, Rosalind? I'm sure he is some one!"

"Evidently he is. He certainly is not a ghost."

"That is just like you! You know I mean some one great—some one of importance."

"In his own opinion, Lyddie? No doubt he is," said Mr. Arnold, laughing.

"No, in mine. You'll see if I'm not right in the end. Did you notice he was lame, and how he was muffled up in his cloak, exactly like a bandit? Of course he is a great general on some important secret business."

"What a jumble! A bandit and a great general! But, Lyddie, your imagination is vivid if you can conjure up 'business secret and important' in Rivertown."

"A general is he, Lyddie? Then all *I* say is, he has made a conquest—not military!" said Mr. Arnold, pinching the girl's cheek mischievously as they entered the house.

Rivertown discovered the next day that the stranger was not only lame, but terribly deformed; still his face was splendidly handsome, and several young ladies would have given a good deal to obtain an introduction, but no one knew even his name—he gave none at his hotel.

Rosalind and Lydia met him several times while out walking; but, after a quick glance, he would let his eyes fall and limp rapidly away. Lydia's romance went out like a flash when she discovered that he was deformed, and she shuddered and turned her eyes away when they chanced to meet. Meanwhile, Dr. Mulet, surgeon and news-gather-in-general, resolved to call on this stranger; he was out, but the doctor settled himself in the gentleman's private parlor to wait his return. There was little in the room beside the usual furniture; the doctor's eager eyes saw nothing but an odd glove, a volume of Ovid, and a copy of *Jerusalem Delivered;* this last he pounced on, and a card fell to the floor; picking it up he read *Dr. Antonio G———*, then followed several mysterious *stars*.

Dr. Mulet's face grew luminous with a great idea—so great that it demanded utterance; "Antonio G———, hum! An Italian name—an Italian in appearance—reads Italian and there's war in Italy!" A solemn pause, and then—"He's crippled—very good!" Rather an inhuman conclusion. "And does not want to be known. I have it! He is a famous refugee; the great"—a step in the hall reduced the doctor to silence.

At that moment the stranger entered. He paused a second on the threshold, with an annoyed look; then waited quietly for his visitor to announce his business. Dr. Mulet launched forth, and in a grand-eloquent manner bid him welcome; the stranger listened to this oration impatiently, and at its close, thanked him grimly. At length, like all other ills, it had its end; the doctor rose to take his leave; "Good morning, for the present, Dr. Antonio," he began, when he was interrupted by—

"Excuse me, but you mistake my name. It is—"

"I understand—I understand, my dear sir; your name is not Antonio, but—" the doctor paused, with a solemn nod.

"My name is—" again attempted Dr. Antonio.

"Antonio, for the present. Your secret is safe with me; the incognito shall be strictly preserved."

"But, Dr. Mulet—"

"You can trust me, sir. I will introduce you as Dr. Antonio. We mean to make you at home among us." With that he left.

Dr. Antonio stood motionless for at least ten minutes, his face an odd mixture of anger, consternation and amusement.

Dr. Mulet was as good as his word—nay, better! That afternoon he introduced a number of citizens to his protégé, who shrank strangely from all intercourse with people; perhaps it was his deformity—Dr. Mulet attributed it to weightier reasons. But whether he would or not, he found himself in the centre of society; there was left but flight or submission; he, for some reason, chose the latter. Old Mr. Arnold and the young doctor were soon firm friends, but the latter always avoided being introduced to the ladies of the household, making his visits when they were absent. About two months passed in this way, and their end found Dr. Antonio domesticated in Mr. Arnold's house; he had at length accepted an often-repeated invitation, with a mixture of eagerness and unwillingness that greatly puzzled his host.

The evening he arrived Rosalind and Lydia waited on the piazza to receive him. As he limped up the steps leaning on Mr. Arnold's arm, Lydia gave a little gasp of dismay, and shrank behind her cousin. The doctor saw the action, and his face flushed half from mortification, half from anger. As he raised his large, brown eyes to Rosalind upon being introduced, there was in them a kind of angry scorn, as though their owner asked neither pity nor kindness because of his misfortune. Meeting hers they softened, for there was nothing in her face but a pleasant welcome for her father's guest.

Toward the close of the evening Lydia had recovered sufficiently to listen to Dr. Antonio's brilliant conversation, and watch how his face, lit up by his own eloquence, lost the look that unusually characterized it—a look morbidly restless, as though he were trying to forget something that refused to be forgotten.

One evening, a short time after his arrival, there was quite a large party gathered in the library. Lydia made some jest about the town, calling it "Sleepy Hollow."

"I think after a person once comes here, he is like the lotus-eaters who lost 'all power, all ambition to proceed'—the air must do it. I defy any one to account in any other way for the number of people who bury themselves in what Miss Lydia has ycleept 'Sleepy Hollow!'" joined in a young barrister.

"I can, Mr. Holt!" a number of laughing faces were turned upon Rosalind as she spoke. "Whenever an unwary mortal puts his foot in Rivertown, a select delegation waits on him and elects him railroad director. After that resistance is vain; the *railroad* encircles him, so to speak, like a monstrous cobra against which nothing can prevail!" After the laugh which this hit caused had subsided, Dr. Mulet said—

"You may laugh at our road Miss Rosalind, but you cannot find a better. Why, we never have an accident, and just the other day there was a total smash-up at Cappee."

"Talking of accidents, that was a fearful one at Bayou Christian last week," said an old gentleman.

"Bad management, sir. Let me see, it was about a year and a half ago that they almost had what would have been the most horrible on record. You remember the one, Arnold; it was the old story, some ties loose, a rail gone, a steep embankment and a train at full speed," remarked Dr. Mulet.

"You mean the time that doctor was killed in warning them?" asked Mr. Holt.

"Yes, his first name began with A, his last, I remember, was Gamonti. It was the noblest thing on record. He saved the train but lost his own life," said Dr. Mulet; Dr. Antonio paused suddenly to listen.

"No, sir, he was not killed; but terribly hurt; completely crushed I heard," said Rosalind whose cheeks had flushed as the recital of any noble deed always made them.

"Yes, I remember now, and he disappeared suddenly, as soon as he could be moved; his admirers say to escape being thanked, I say to be peculiar," added Dr. Mulet.

"*I* think it was very noble, Dr. Mulet, and the world would be better if there was a little more 'peculiarity' of that kind," said Rosalind, warmly. Mr. Arnold looked across at his daughter with a smile she could not understand, while Dr. Antonio leaned back in his chair, his handsome face very white and stern; shortly after both gentlemen left the room.

The next day when Dr. Antonio entered the breakfast-room the girls were discussing a croquet party; he stationed himself beside Lydia, and they fell into a conversation, while Rosalind with her father watched them very earnestly.

She had fallen into a habit of doing this lately; watching them with sorrowful perplexity in her gray eyes. Dr. Antonio did not talk much to his young hostess, but he would watch her while she talked with others, his eyes softening strangely, and then changing quickly as they met her eyes. After he and Mr. Arnold left the house that morning, Lydia began abruptly, "I like that man and yet I dread being near him. Poor fellow, no woman would ever marry him."

"And yet—Lydia—" Rosalind's voice sank into a whisper—"I—think he loves you."

"Me! Goodness! I hope not. Dear me, Rose, you do conjure up dreadful things! Now if you have anything else of that stamp to say just let me know, and I'll stop up my ears!" she returned, pettishly, but Rosalind said nothing more.

That afternoon Rosalind, Lydia and Dr. Antonio stood on the piazza after the rest had started down to the lawn.

"I must go. Are you two coming? Doctor, of course you can't play, but you had better come look on. Rosalind will follow suit, she is a heathen and despises croquet. Au revoir, if you won't come," and nodding good-bye, she ran down the steps.

Dr. Antonio winced at her heedless words, then said abruptly—

"Do not let me detain you. Your cousin is right—I cannot play, but that must not keep you."

"I am going to stay here with you, if you will let me," she said, quietly seating herself on the step below him, adding, "This is my reward for my day's work, a little quiet before all those people come up," she sighed a little wearily, and his eyes that had followed hers now came back to her face pityingly, as he said hurriedly,

"Reward! You are not weak enough to expect reward on this earth, I trust! You may sacrifice yourself 'to the bitter end,' and at that end no one will recognize the sacrifice. The only time I *struggled* to do a duty that God placed before me—duty and sacrifice proved synonymous and these my reward. Were they not worth striving for, Miss Rosalind?" He looked mockingly at his crutches; the girl's face was white as his own as he went on bitterly. "And yet they tell us God is merciful. He has been so to me, and I—I suppose I am thankful that He made me an eye-sore—a thing, not a man, without one single hope, one single thing to live for."

When the mocking voice ceased, Rosalind rose pale and trembling, a great fear coming into her face. He raised his eyes to her, saying quietly:

"I am not mad, Miss Rosalind, but there comes a time in every one's life when he cannot be silent, he *must* speak. And I have ended now, it only remains to say that to the number of my sins I have added that of loving." With a sudden groan he bowed his head upon his hands, muttering: "God! my burden is greater than I can bear."

Rosalind, standing there with the sunlight streaming over her, and the gay voices from the lawn mingled with the buzz of locusts sounding on the still air, forgot herself and her own sharp sorrow in a tender pity for this man's suffering. With a steady voice she began:

"You have not told her; perhaps Lydia—"

"Lydia! You do not know—you have not guessed whom I love? Not Lydia, but *yourself*. I have dared to love you. Are you not proud of your conquest?"

Then there fell a silence like death; the world seemed to swim before Rosalind's eyes, a strange jumble of earth, trees and sky. By and by with crimson cheeks she knelt softly at his side, saying:

"Dear friend, I love you. Will you take me?"

He raised his head with a great start, and seizing her hands, looked in the face turned toward him in a kind of delirium of doubt and joy. For a minute they looked into each other's faces without speaking, then a change came over his face, and loosening her hands he pushed her from him almost rudely as he groaned:

"God forgive me—I did not mean to speak! You pity me, you could not love me, and I am not wretch enough to take advantage of that and sacrifice you. I will go now. God bless you for your pity, forget what I said, I was mad, and now—good-bye."

He reached down to pick up his crutches, but she held out her hands to him, saying simply:

"I do not pity you. I love you dearly, please do not send me from you."

Well—it was only a very old story repeated, and then the twilight fell upon two people as happy as people are permitted to be on this planet!

Rivertown was crestfallen and Dr. Mulet felt ill-used! They had fondly imagined that they had among them the great A——G—— (we suppress the name for reasons private and political, and especially out of regard for Dr. Mulet), they now discovered their mistake and naturally the town and surgeon felt cross. "Dr. Antonio" turned out to be "Dr. Antonio Gamonti," who morbidly sensitive after the noble act that had crippled him for life, had sought a place where he was unknown and might be alone. Chance sent him to Rivertown, and threw in Dr. Mulet's hands a card hastily written, bearing the young doctor's first name and the initial of his last; upon this Mulet built his noble structure! Mr. Arnold had known the truth all along, and toward the end Dr. Gamonti discovered to what rank they had raised him. No doubt he would have undeceived them, had not that necessitated telling who he really was; besides about that time he fell desperately in love, and the Rivertownians were left to enact, undisturbed, their Comedy of Errors!

By and by the doctor and the town became pacified, when they discovered that the stranger was a hero, if not a refugee, and smiled upon him once more. Of this we are sure—Rosalind did not love "Dr. Antonio" a whit the less for the discovery.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column.

LECLAIR (Sunny Side, N. C.,) asks: "1st. Is the book called Charlotte Temple a true story? 2d. Which is the most powerful nation in the world? 3d. How is my writing compared with the other correspondents' letters? 4th. Could I learn to write a perfect hand without a teacher? 5th. Do you think it would be advisable for a young man, without family, to go west?" 1st. It is based on truth. The tomb of Charlotte Temple may be seen from Broadway, in Trinity Churchyard, N. Y. 2d. This probably lies between the United States, Russia, Great Britain and Germany. It is impossible to say which would prove the most powerful were their relative strengths put to the test. 3d. It is below the average. 4th. No. You do not indicate the ability to make a first-class writer. 5th. That would depend entirely on his object in going west, and on his preparation for this object.

FANNIE (Baltimore, Md.,) writes: "Wanting a little information I thought you would be kind enough to answer me. The information I want is about becoming an actress. I have a very strong desire to go on the stage, and have had all my life. I asked the same advice I am asking you for from a gentleman friend, but he did not wish me to think of such a thing, although he thinks I could get along very well. I never spoke to any one else about it, but have been often told that it was a wonder I did not go on the stage, as I would make such a good actress. I am said to be very pretty, and by almost every one as very stylish looking. This I have nothing to say about, as I leave it for others to say. But I thought that perhaps you might know better what advice to give me, as I felt as though I was writing to an old friend, not a stranger. Please to tell me what would be first required of me. I never could think of going at first as a ballet girl. I will look for an answer to this, as I am wanting to know so badly." It is very evident that Fannie knows very little about the requisites for what she is so anxious to undertake. Her idea that the duties of a ballet girl can in any way be a preparation for the profession of an actress is sufficient to show this. It may be that her friends are as ill-fitted as herself to decide upon her capabilities. Many a person has been induced to undertake this profession, through injudicious advice, and has failed in consequence. Your gentleman friend may have had reasons for his opinion, which he preferred not to tell you, but which would have damped your enthusiasm. Our advice is, if you are really bent on this course, that you apply to some disinterested person, and one who is known to be a capable judge of histrionic ability. If such a person, after testing your powers, advises you to attempt acting, you will have better reasons for your optelon than you appear to have now. We warn you, however, that, except in a very few cases, the life of an actress means years of hard work and poor pay, with many more cases of ultimate failure than of success.

EUGENIA, (Champaign, Ill.,) writes: "Please answer the following—1st. Can you tell me who was the first female physician in the United States, and if she is still living? 2d. What is your opinion of female physicians? Do you think that decency and propriety demand a sufficient number of female physicians to attend all women and small children, and thus limit the practice of male physicians to their own sex, or do you think the study of medicine out of woman's sphere? 3d. Supposing that you approve of women studying medicine, do you think 40 years of age too late in life to commence to study for the profession? 4th. Taking the professions as they now stand—but few women in either—which, as a class, do you think the greater humbug, ministers or physicians? There is no preacher or doctor in our family, and I hope there is not in yours, that I may get an unprejudiced answer to this question. 5th. What is the cause of there being so much difference in the time of the rising of the moon from one night to the next in February and March, and so little in August and September, when it rises at almost the same time for several evenings? And why does the moon appear higher—that is, farther north—in winter than in summer? 6th. Why are the August and September moons called the harvest and hunter's moons? 7th. Has the standard of intelligence and cultivation of your patrons been raised or lowered in your estimation by the questions addressed to you through the correspondence column? 8th. What is the standard of my writing? What is its greatest fault?" Is. Elizabeth Blackwell claims that honor. She is still living. 2d. There are some things we can best judge by results. The success of many female physicians appears to indicate that many women prefer to be treated in certain delicate cases by their own sex. 3d. We should not think the age given too advanced. 4th. Suppose we say that we do not consider either the preacher or the doctor as a humbug. Your question must then fall to the ground. 5th. This results from an astronomical cause which is too abstruse, and would take too much space to be answered here. The result mentioned occurs a number of times during the year, but only when the moon is at its full in the months you name. It is caused by a peculiar relation of the lunar orbit with the ecliptic. The earth changes the position of its axes in relation to the sun, without necessitating a similar change in the moon's position. Thus the position of the moon in relation to the earth at any part of the year is not governed by that of the sun. 6th. For the reason you have mentioned, that the full moon replaces the light of the sun at nearly the same hour for several successive evenings, thus aiding the pursuits of the hunter and the harvester. 7th. We sincerely hope so. We have tried to give good advice to all anxious inquirers, and do not doubt that some have been benefited thereby. 8th. You write a rather good hand. The greatest fault we perceive in it is pale ink.

W. P., (New Germantown, N. J.,) Thank you for your kindly interest in THE POST. We have read your letter with great pleasure. As to the change proposed, if we were starting a new paper we should take that form into earnest consideration, for there is much to be said in its favor, but there is always risk in changing even to something intrinsically better—the power of old associations is so great.

C. I. S. (Yelm Prairie, W. T.,) writes: "Allow me to trouble you with a few questions: Do fishes, clams, etc., affect the brain in such a manner as to strengthen the faculties, and thereby produce a brighter intellect? If so, why is it that the *clam-diggers* of this coast are such an inferior class of persons? Where will be the terminus of the North Pacific Railroad? Do you think a difference of fifteen years should prevent two persons from getting married; provided, of course, that they love each other dearly?" We are not aware that any one claims that eating clams and fishes will cause dull brains to burst forth into the full blaze of genius. We doubt if any Shakspeares will be developed among your clam-diggers, though they devour "soft shells" by the ton. There is an instance here of the manner in which much comment will expand a saying out of its original proportions. Agassiz—we think it was—said that fish, as containing much phosphorus, were well fitted for brain nutriment; and that, other things being equal, the inhabitants of sea coasts were likely to be intellectually superior to those of the interior. Some seem to have developed this into the idea that every Longfellow is the offspring of a fish diet. But, as one writer thinks, it would take several full-grown whales to develop one original idea in some craniums. 2d. The principal terminus east is at Duluth, on Lake Superior. There will probably be several terminl in the West, as at Seattle and Olympia on Puget Sound. 3d. No. Such marriages are not uncommon, and often prove very happy matches.

B. B. H., (Sumpter Co., Fla.,) says: "I am twenty-two, and I am love with a girl of fourteen. Do you think I have acted unwisely in loving one so young? I love her dearly, and wish to make her my wife when she is old enough. She says she loves me in return, and will always love me—says she will marry me if I wait until she is sixteen. Now this is what I want to know. Is it safe for me to trust my love with one so young? Do you think she will remain true to her promise? Please advise me as to what you would do if you were in my place." We would wait until this precocious child was at least eighteen; unless we should change our mind and see fit to marry some one else in the meantime. If, at that age, we both remained single and our loves still endured, we should take into serious consideration the question of marrying. You will have arrived at years of discretion by that time, and you will both be far better fitted to judge as to your chances of happiness in the marriage state.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]